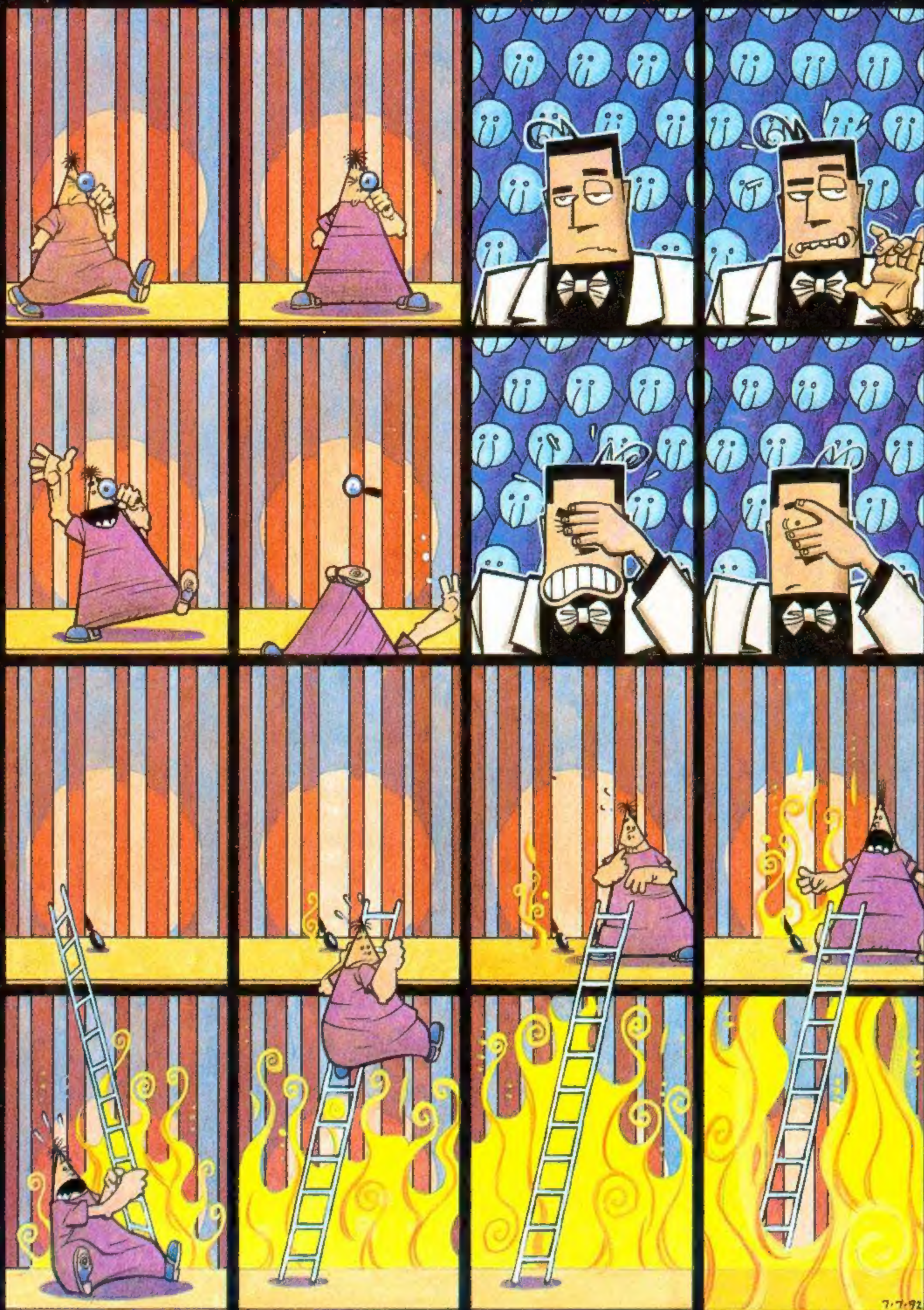


EVERY BABY NEEDS A NAME. EVEN IF IT'S ONLY

No.
1

ZOOT!

\$2⁵⁰
\$ 2.95 CAN.



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

ZOOT!

NUMBER ONE

BY ANDREW AND ROGER LANGRIDGE

EDITED BY
GARY GROTH

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INSIDE BACK COVER
BACK COVER

LETTERS

WE LOVE TO GET YOUR
LETTERS, REALLY WE DO.
THE ADDRESS IS: —
%-TROUT SECRETS (shh!)
14 ELDON ROAD
MT. EDEN
AUCKLAND 3
NEW ZEALAND

NOTES by Andrew

ART d'ECCO AND THE GUMP ARE REFUGEES FROM OUR FIRST FANTAGRAPHICS SERIES (AND INDEED FROM THE WILD AND WONDERFUL WORLD OF MINICOMICS), TITLED WITH STUNNING ORIGINALITY ART d'ECCO (4 ISSUES, 1990-92, R.I.P.). THEIR FRIEND IS ART NOUVEAU. DON'T ASK.

DEREK SEALS, THE CHARACTER, APPEARED FULLY FORMED IN A DREAM. HE IS HERE FAITHFULLY RECONSTRUCTED. A BIT OF A WEIRDO, IF YOU ASK ME.

THE FABULOUS WORLD OF THINGS, OR MORE PARTICULARLY MESSRS. FUSSY & COFFEE AND GENTLE ANNIE, WERE AN OLD JOKE WHO WAITED MANY MONTHS FOR THEIR MOMENT IN THE SPOTLIGHT. THANK YOU MICHAEL AND LISA (I WONDER IF THE JOKE TRAVELS?). THIS ONE IS DEDICATED TO THE TABLE.

THE JOURNEY HALFWAY IS THE PROLOGUE TO A FOOLISHLY AMBITIOUS MAJOR PROJECT WHICH I RESISTED THE TEMPTATION TO CALL 'REFER MADNESS'.

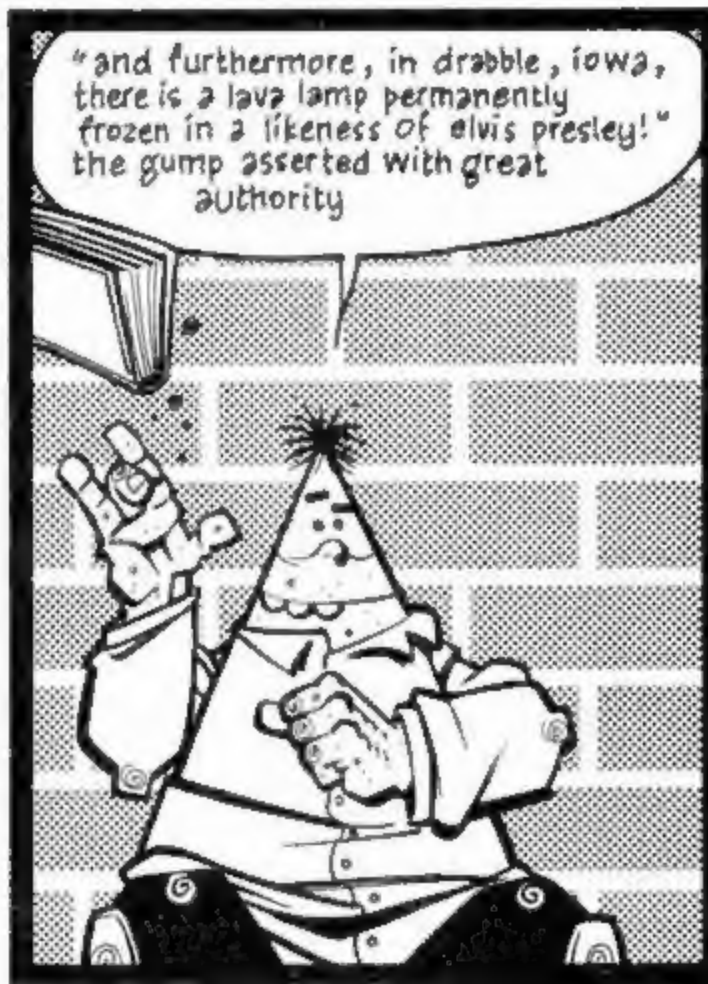
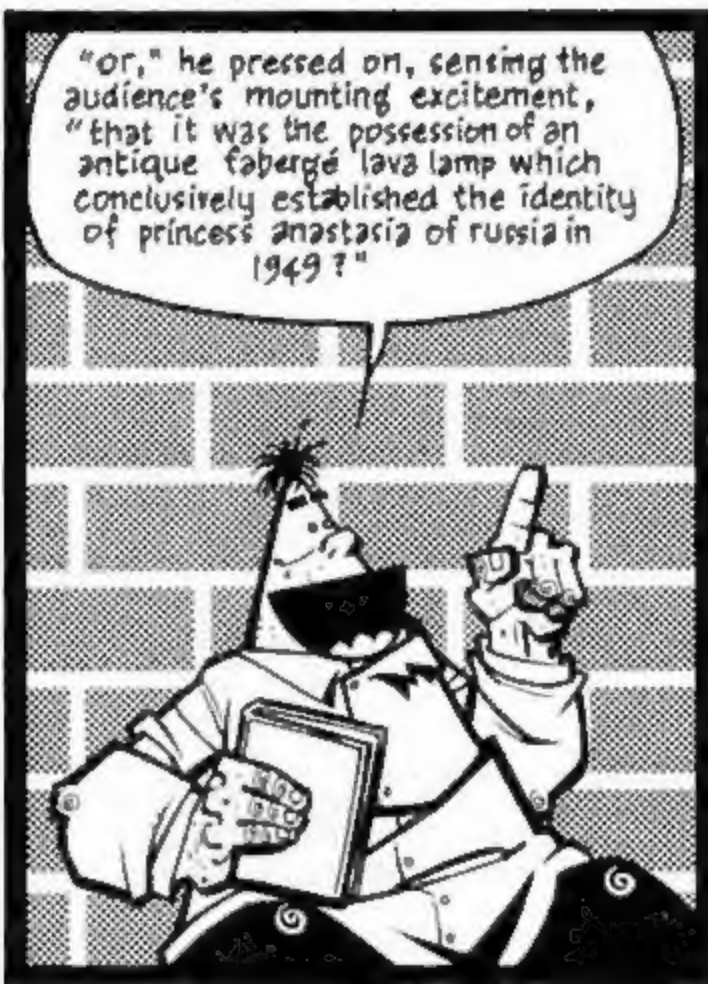
TARQUIN IS, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, BASED ON FACT. HE'S ALSO BASED ON RUMOUR, LIES AND GOSSIP. A NOTE ON TARQUIN'S VOICE WILL HELP UNDERSTAND THE CREATURE, PERHAPS. IT'S A HIGH, WAVERY FALSETTO (WITH THE OCCASIONAL VERTIGINOUS SWOOP TO BASSO PROFUNDO) THAT IS CONTINUALLY BREAKING. ADOPT A WHEELING, BADGERING YET PATRONISING TONE AND PUNCTUATE WITH MATERNAL 'MMM'S TO TASTE.

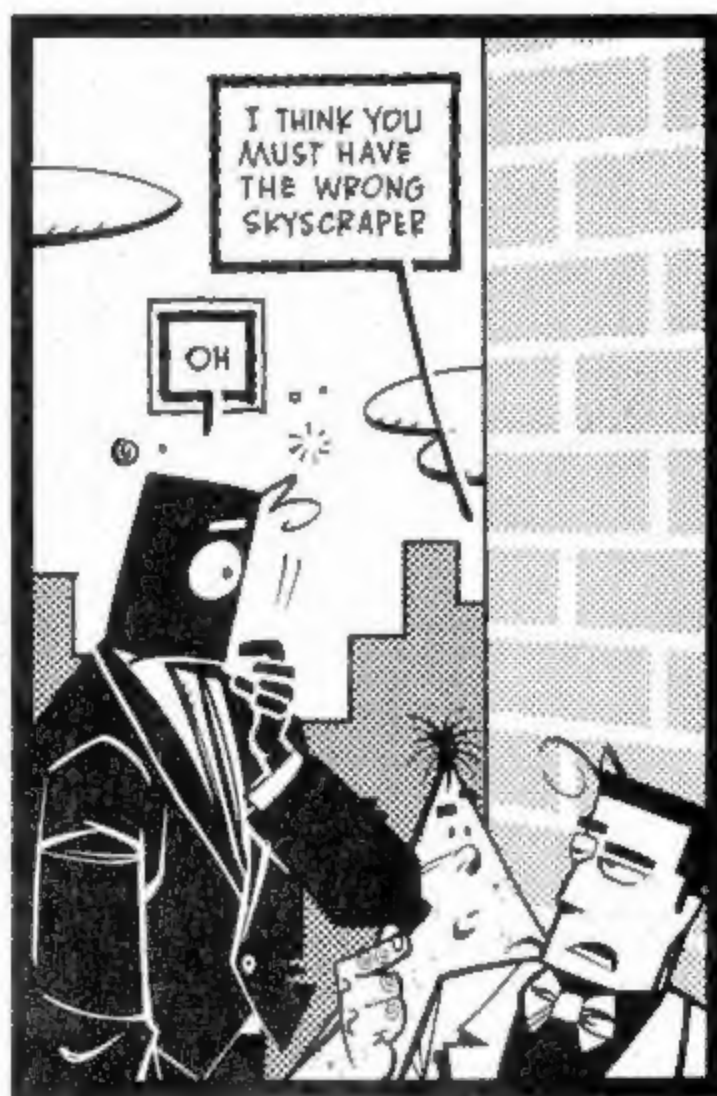
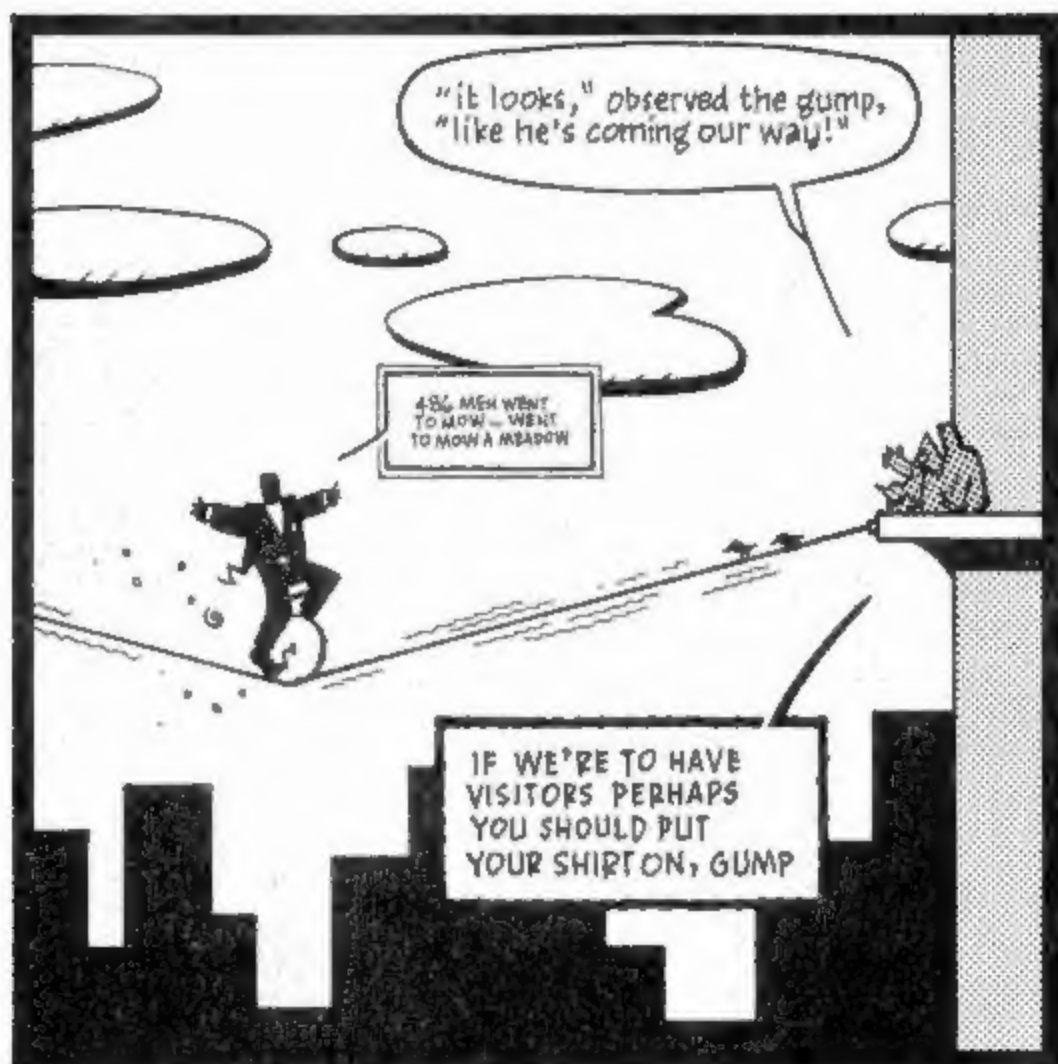
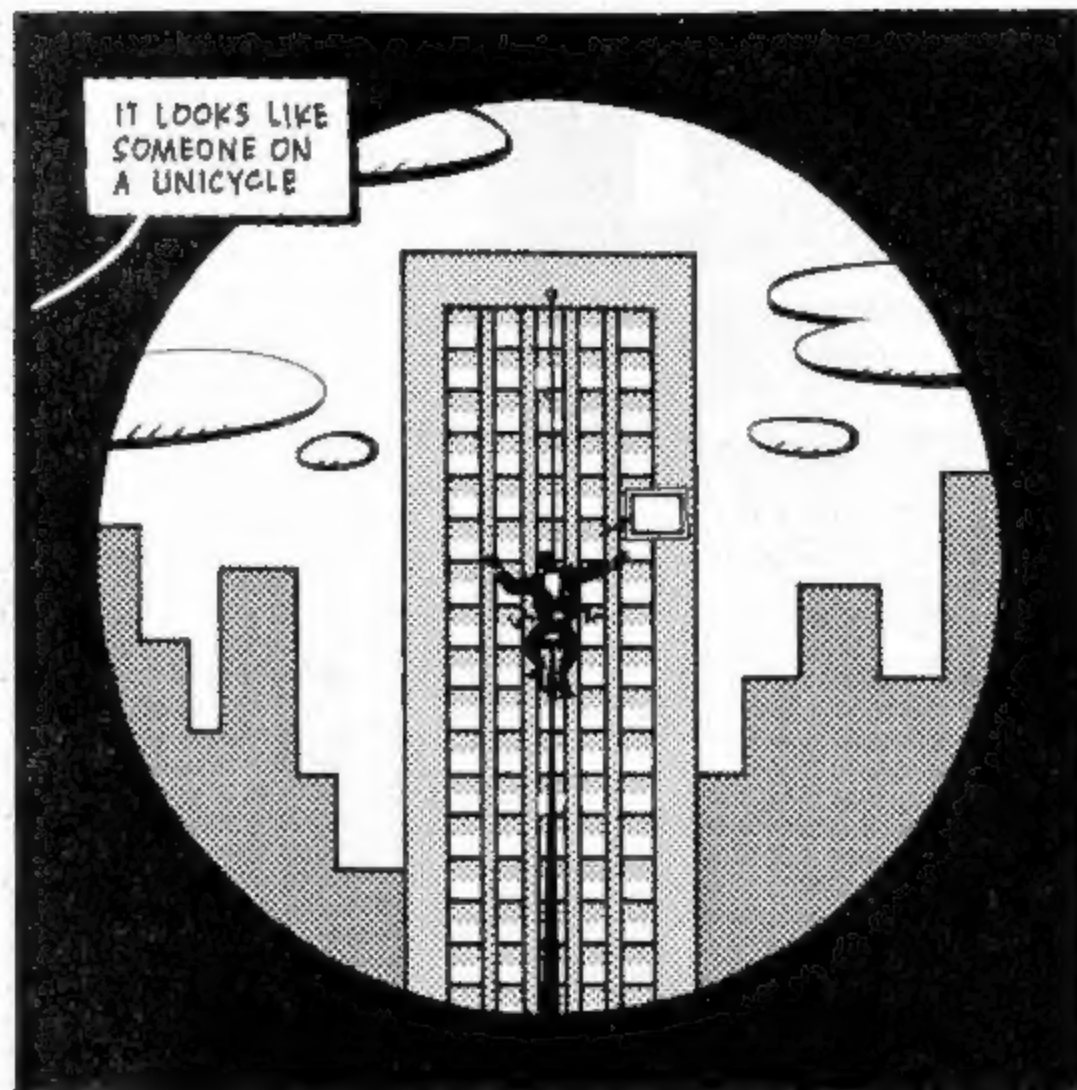
THE TEA PARTY IS A FREE ADAPTATION OF FILM #7 (TEA PARTY), AN UNPRODUCED FILM CONCEPT BY YOKO ONO. IT'S REFRESHING TO SEE YOKO FINALLY GET SOME RECOGNITION AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS OF MISOGYNY AND XENOPHOBIA. IF ONLY SHE HADN'T MARRIED THAT POP MUSICIAN...

FINALLY, EVERYBODY'S DOING IT AND KNOCK KNOCK ARE REMNANTS FROM OUR ORIGINAL ART DEKKO (sic) MINICOMICS, 1988, ALSO KNOWN AS THE 'AUTOMATIC WRITING ERA'.

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ART d'ECCO AND THE GUMP





THE DEREK SEALS STORY

I HAD BEEN INVITED TO SOME PUBLISHER'S PARTY AT A SMALL GALLERY. THE TANGIBLE HALF OF THE INVITATION NEVER TURNED UP, SO I TALKED MY WAY IN USING THEIR NAME.



MOST SETS OF EYES WERE SUSPICIOUSLY PANNING TO CATCH ANY NEWCOMER. MY OWN DARTED FURTIVELY FROM CLIQUE TO CLIQUE IN SEARCH OF FAMILIAR FEATURES.

LUCKLESS, I SAUNTERED PAST A TABLE OF BOOKS AND ABSENTMINDEDLY PICKED ONE UP. AS AN OUTSIDER I HAD NOT YET DISCERNED THE SOURCE OF EVERYONE'S DRINKS. SO MY EMPTY HANDS WERE HUGE AWKWARD LUMPS OF MEAT DRAGGING ME FLOORWARDS.



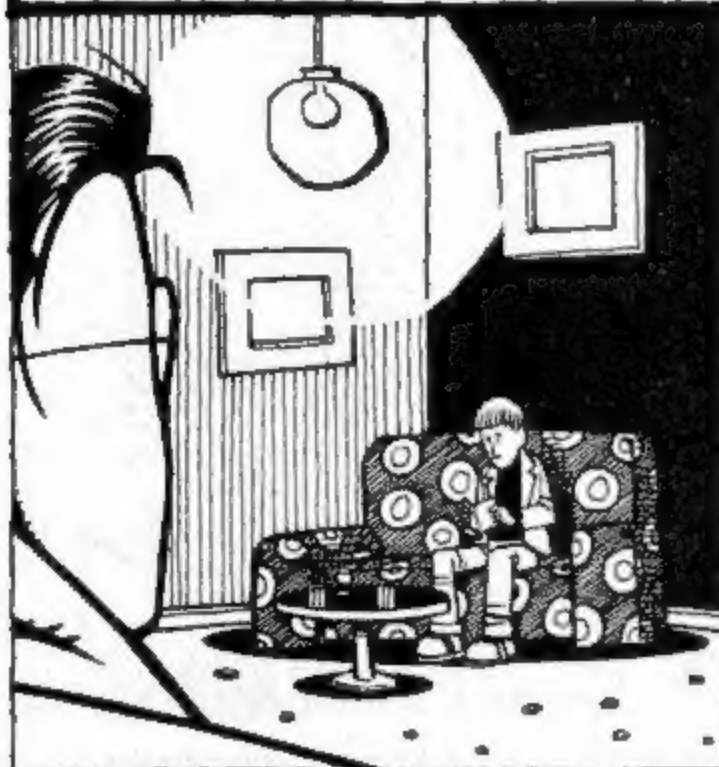
AFTER LOOKING THROUGH THE BOOK FOR A BLANK MINUTE I CAREFULLY REPLACED IT. WERE THEY FREE?



I SERVED MYSELF FROM A COMPLACENT URN AND FLOATED UNSUCCESSFULLY BETWEEN SHOALS.



THEN MY GLANCE ISOLATED A PROBABLE ACQUAINTANCE, FAR TO THE REAR OF THE GALLERY IN A DIM CORNER OVERLOOKED BY THE HOSTS AND FOUR SMALL, DREARY LANDSCAPES. HE WAS PERCHED ON A STRIKING BUT ABSURDLY UNCOMFORTABLE SOFA AND WAS READING A FLYER FOR AN UPCOMING INSTALLATION.



HIS NAME HAD BEEN DISCARDED SEVERAL SPRING CLEANS AGO ~ PERHAPS I HAD NEVER OWNED IT. NEVERTHELESS, I INTRODUCED MYSELF WITH SAFE AMBIGUITY. I INFERRED FROM HIS SUDDEN SMILE THAT HE HAD NO IDEA WHO I WAS.



"OH, YOU GAVE ME A LIFT HOME A FEW MONTHS AGO."



DEREK SEALS. TWO YEARS EARLIER WE HAD MET WHEN I AGREED TO TRANSPORT A CARELESS FRIEND TO A MEETING OR A GIG OR A CLASS OR. WE HAD DINED TOGETHER AND I WAS ON MY WAY HOME ANYWAY.



JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE SHE ASKED IF I HAD ROOM TO TAKE DEREK AS WELL. THIS WAS THE FIRST INDICATION THAT WE WERE NOT ALONE. I SAID SURE THROUGH THE SMALL OH OF SURPRISE.

DEREK SAT IN THE FRONT, JANE IN THE BACK, TALKING TO ME THROUGH THE REARVIEW MIRROR. DEREK WAS DOING SOMETHING... WHAT, I CAN'T RECALL.

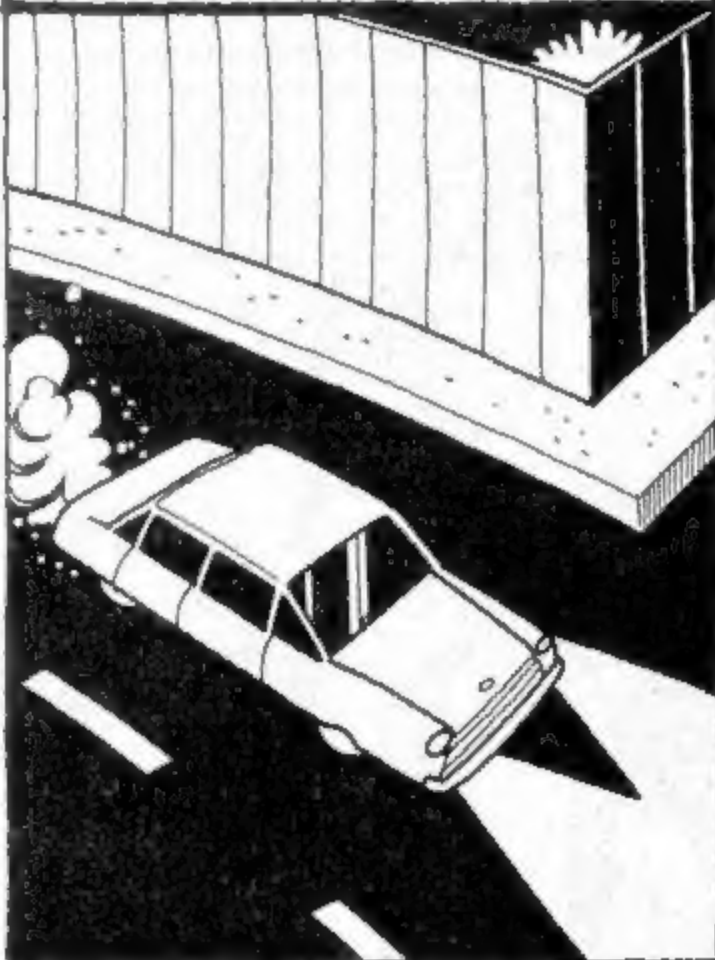


WHEN WE REACHED THEIR DESTINATION THEY BOTH GOT OUT AND HAD A MUTED ARGUMENT IN THE STREET. I DON'T REMEMBER DEREK PARTICIPATING.



JANE ASKED IF I COULD TAKE DEREK HOME AND GAVE ME HIS ADDRESS (A FLAT FORMERLY INHABITED BY SOME MUTUAL FRIEND) IN A DIFFERENT SUBURB.

I HAD TO AGREE. HE REENTERED THE VEHICLE AND I DROVE IN UTTER SILENCE A GREAT VEE OUT OF MY WAY.



OUTSIDE THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE I MUMBLED SOME NEUTRAL FAREWELL. DEREK TURNED AND SMILED AFFABLY AS HE SHUT THE DOOR AND DRIFTED OUT OF MY LIFE, VOICELESS.



WE BEGAN TO TALK IN POLITE GENERALITIES. I ASKED IF HE STILL SAW JANE.

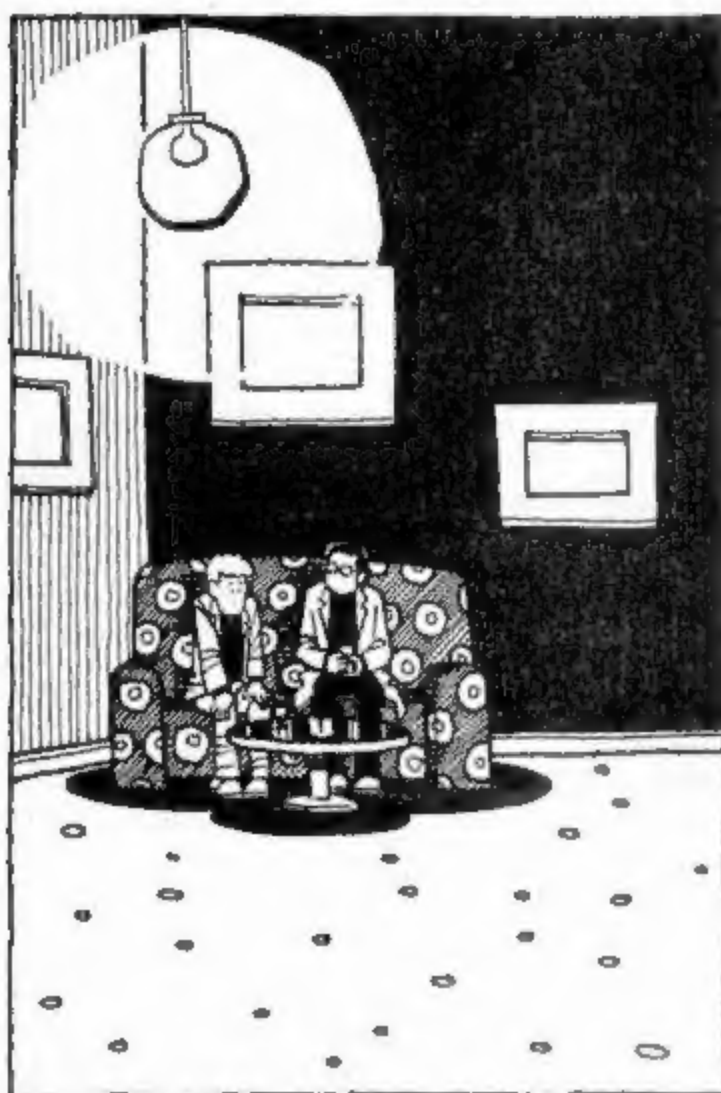
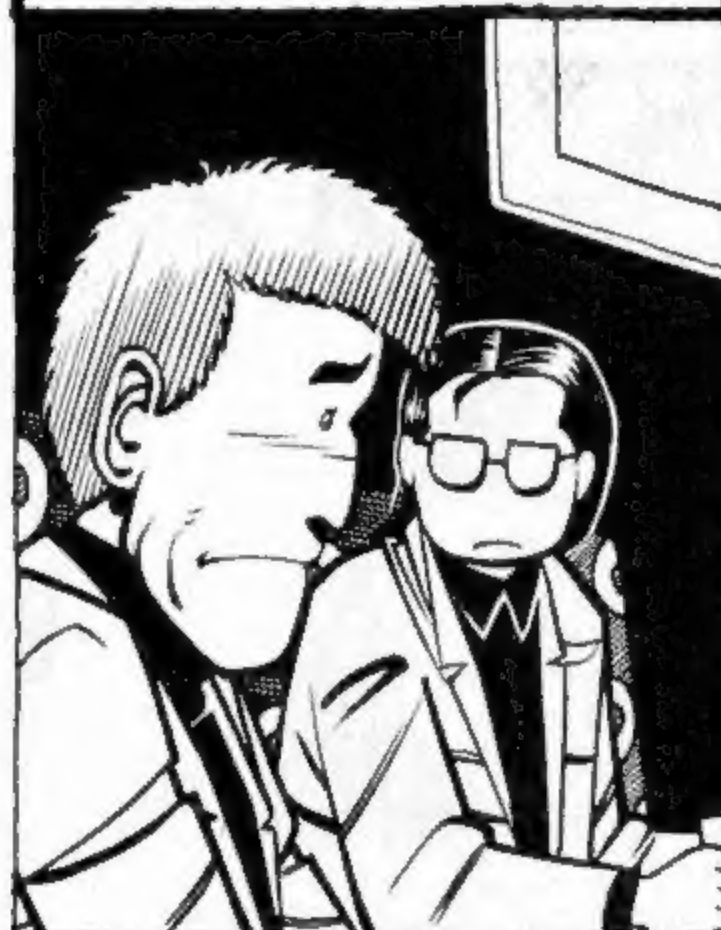


"JANE." HE SEARCHED MY EYES. "OH, JANE. NO, I ONLY MET HER THAT ONCE."

I REFERRED TO THE FLYER HE WAS TURNING OVER IN HIS HANDS AND HE TALKED A LITTLE ABOUT IT WHILE DELIBERATELY PLACING IT FAR AWAY ON A BLACK GLASS TABLE.



"HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SHOWS HERE?" I INNOCENTLY ASKED AND HE LOOKED STRAIGHT INTO ME, TURNED AWAY AND PLUNGED INTO HEAVY SILENCE.



AFTER AN AGE I CLEARED MY THROAT AND BEGAN LOOKING AROUND FOR ANY EXCUSE TO RELOCATE MYSELF. I GULPED (DOWN) THE LAST DESPERATE DROPS OF COFFEE.



SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED BEFORE DEREK SAID, "THERE WAS A COLLECTION OF LOCAL HISTORICAL PAINTINGS. I THINK THESE (INDICATING THE SULLEN WITNESSES) ARE FROM THAT EXHIBITION." RETURNING TO PRECISELY THE SAME TONE OUR CONVERSATION HAD WORN BEFORE ITS HIATUS.



FOR A WHILE THE CONVERSATION BECAME EASIER AND DEREK REVEALED HIMSELF AS AN ERUDITE, IF RETICENT, SPEAKER. MOST OF THE DISCUSSION WAS CONDUCTED IN THAT CONFIDENTIAL, URGENT SOTTO VOCE OF HIS, MAKING EVEN HIS OCCASIONAL DRY HUMOUR PARADOXICALLY INTIMATE AND ALOOF.



A FEW PEOPLE TORE THEMSELVES AWAY FROM THE BUZZING THROUGH UPSTAGE TO NERVOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGE OUR PRESENCE, BUT IT WAS ONLY WHEN A BUSINESSLIKE JOURNALIST APPROACHED THAT I REALISED. DEREK SEALS WAS THE AUTHOR, THE EXCUSE FOR SUPPER.



THE WOMAN SPOKE IN CLIPPED BUT RESPECTFUL TONES, WITH A CLEAR SENSE OF HER OWN STATUS (MORE ESTABLISHED, IF LESS INSTANTANEOUSLY FAMOUS THAN HER SUBJECT).

SHE LAUNCHED HER STRATEGIC ASSAULT THUS:



"MISTER SEALS, WHAT DO YOU SEE AS THE FUNCTION OF WRITTEN LITERATURE IN THE ERA OF THE COMMUNICATIONS REVOLUTION?"

~ AN ALBATROSS OF A QUESTION WHICH MADE TRANSPARENT HER ATTITUDE TO THE AUTHOR. I WAS FLATTERED BY THE MEPE REFLECTION OF HER WORDS; DEREK WAS UNFAZED AND ASKED HER IF SHE HAD READ HIS BOOK.

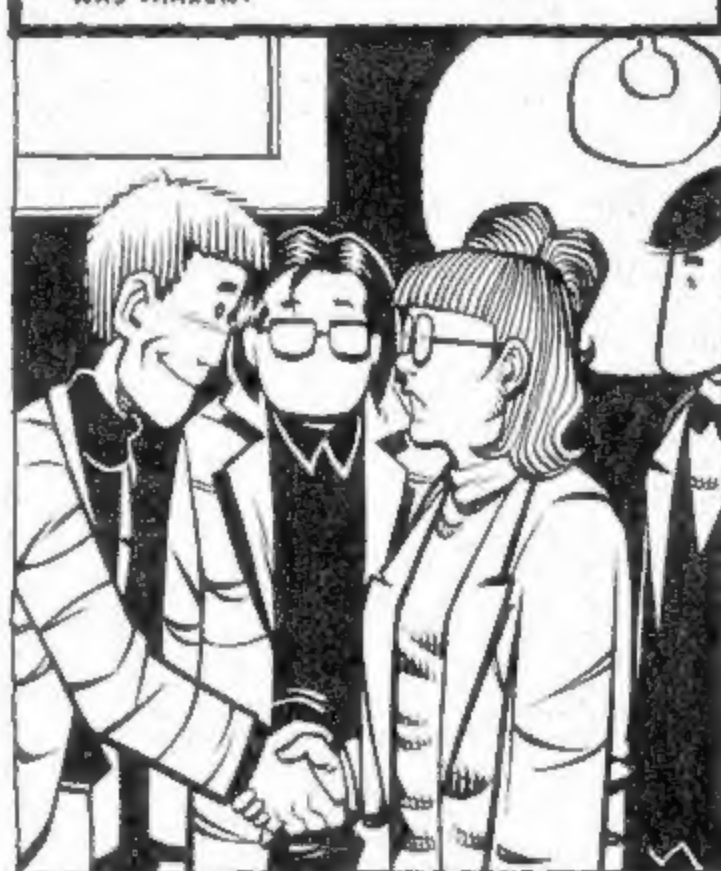


SHE RESPONDED WITH A BREATH IN AND A FULSOME "YES," BUT BEFORE SHE COULD ELABORATE DEREK COLDLY REPORTED,

"THEN I'M AFFAID I CANNOT GRANT YOU AN INTERVIEW. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. GOODNIGHT."



HE FINISHED A GLASS OF WHITE WINE AND ROSE FROM THE SOFA. SURPRISING MYSELF, MY LEGS AUTOMATICALLY, INVOLUNTARILY MIMICKED HIS ACTION. THE SOFA GLOWED REPROACHFULLY; THE JOURNALIST LOOKED STUNNED AS HER HAND WAS SHAKEN.



DEREK LEFT OUR CORNER OF THE ROOM IN A RIPPLE OF SMALL STEPS, LEAVING ME FOOLISHLY UPRIGHT, AT ODDS WITH THE ROOM AND TOO DAZED TO MOVE.

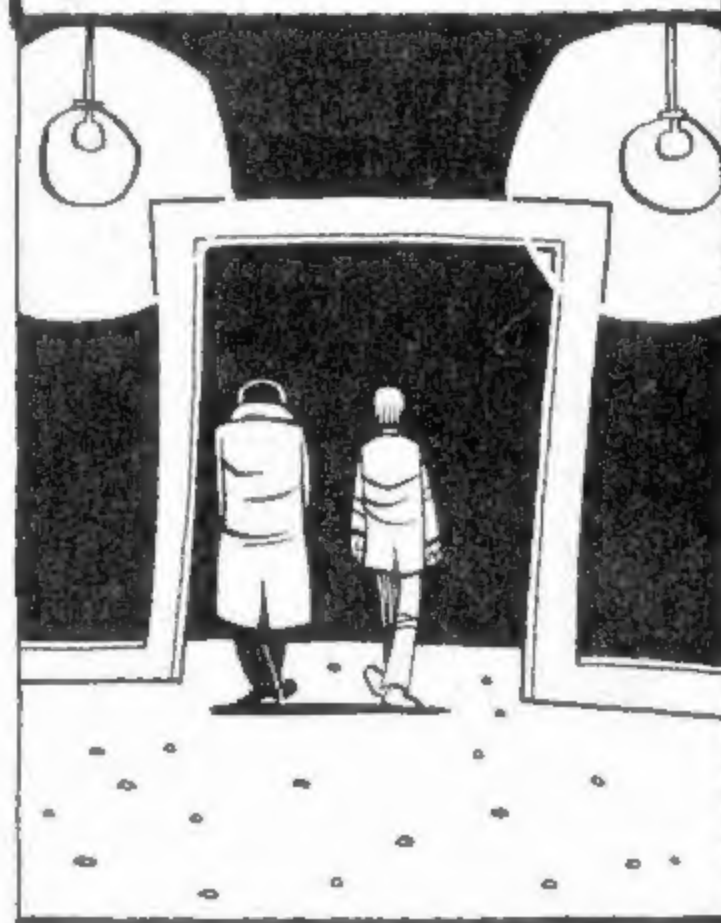


I WAS WAVERING BETWEEN STRIDING OFF WITH MOCK CONVICTION OR FALLING BACK LIMPLY INTO MY SEAT WHEN DEREK SWUNG AROUND, HIS EYES GLISTENING WITH AMUSEMENT:

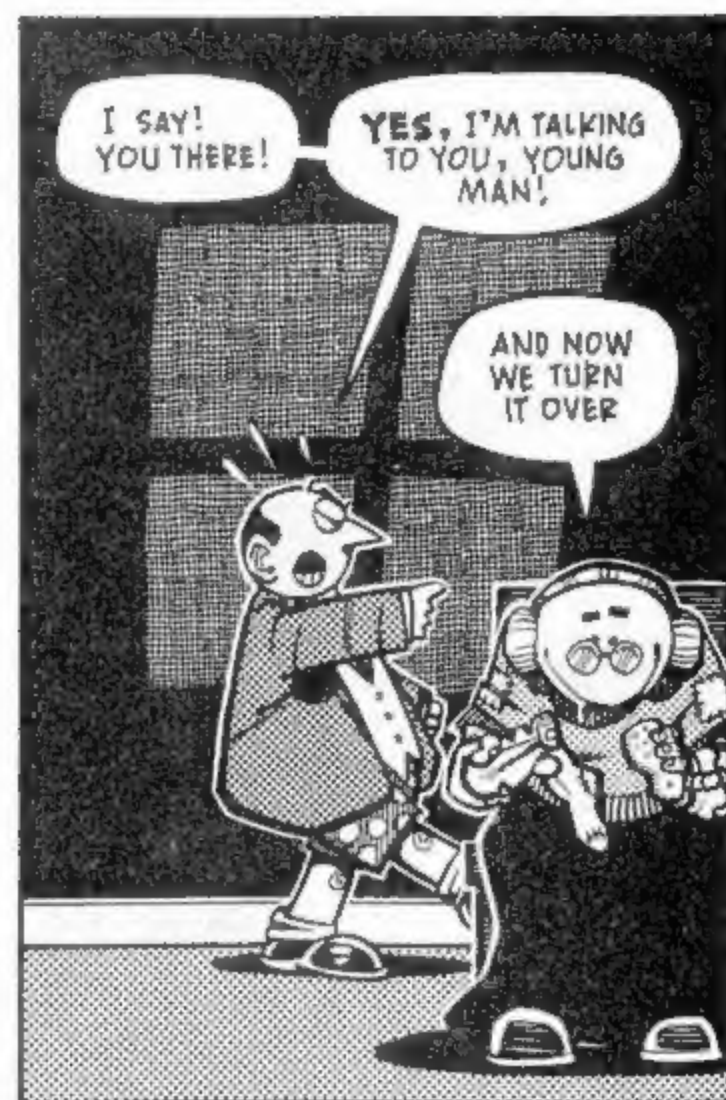
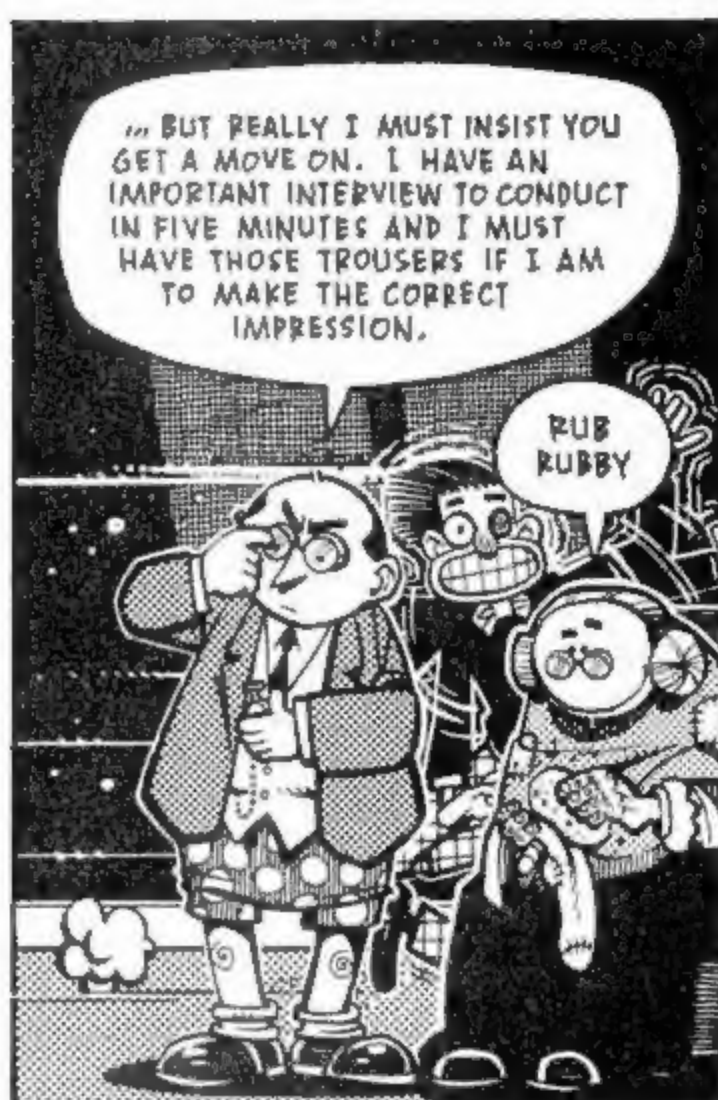
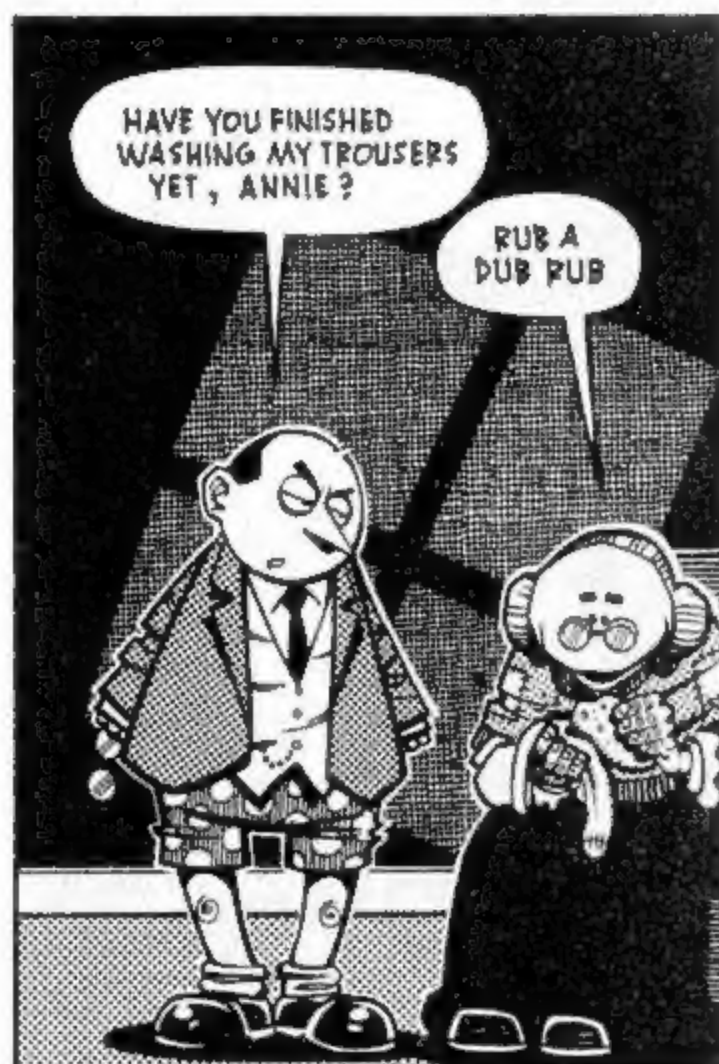
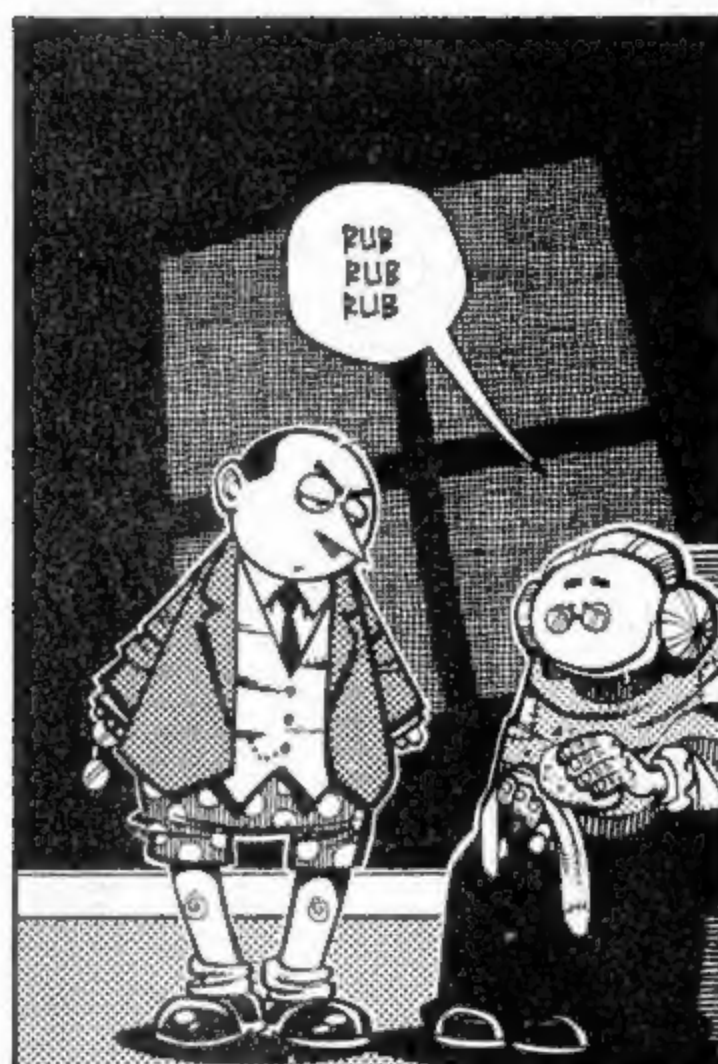
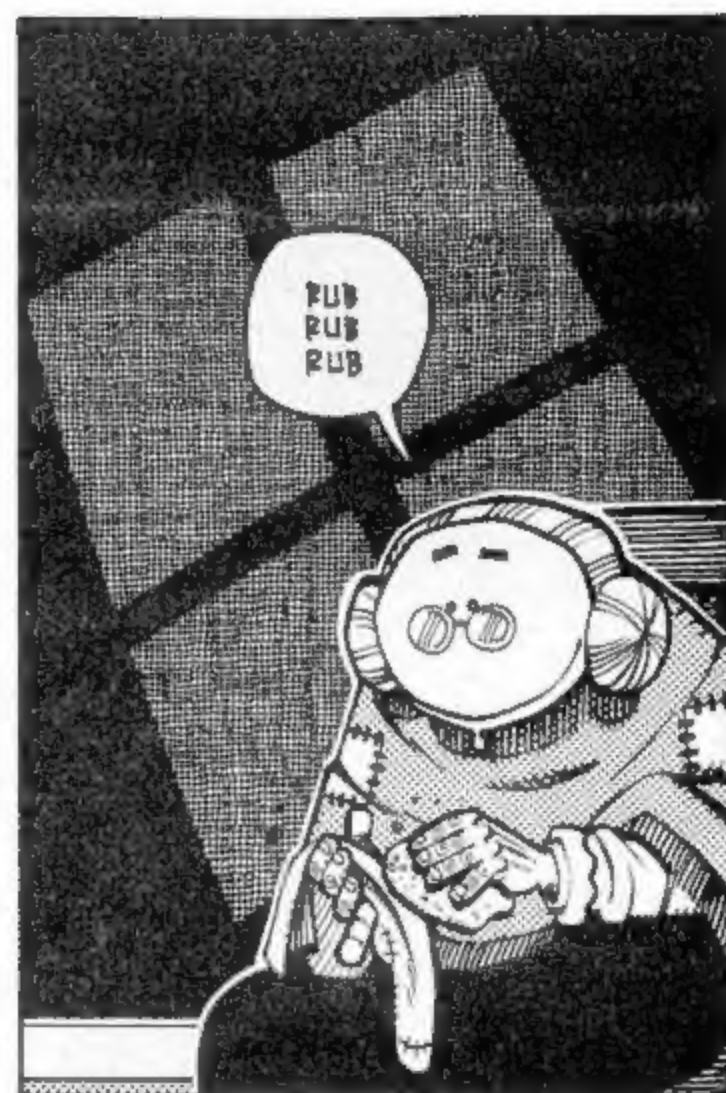
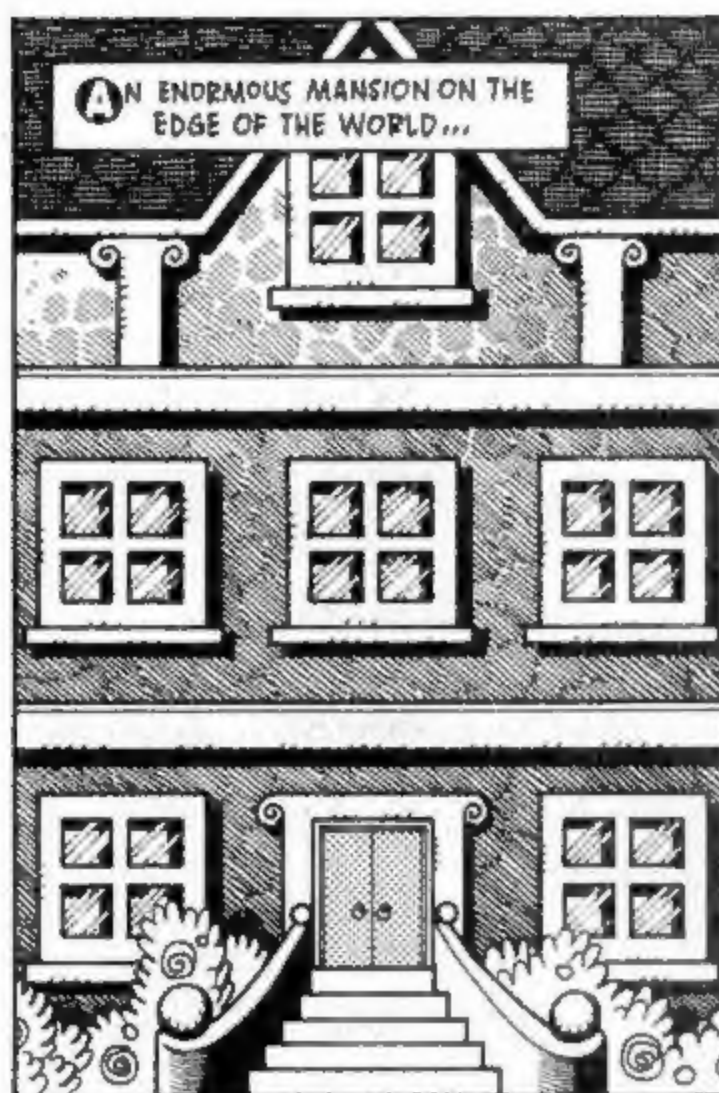
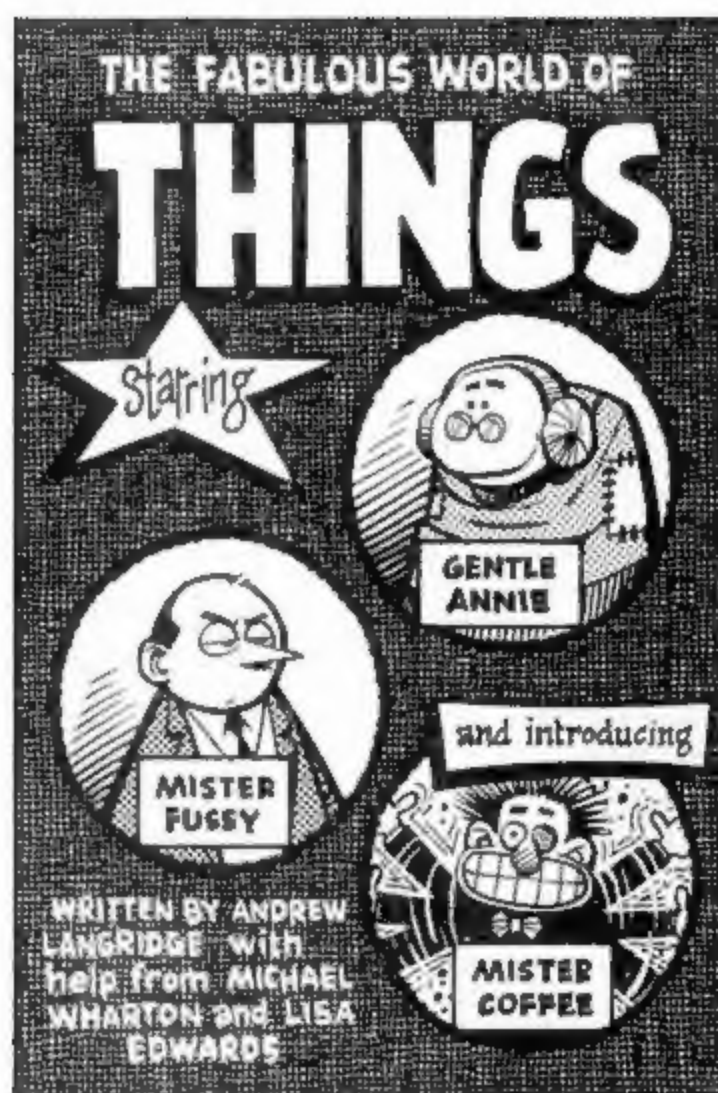
"HEY, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GIVING ME A LIFT HOME?"

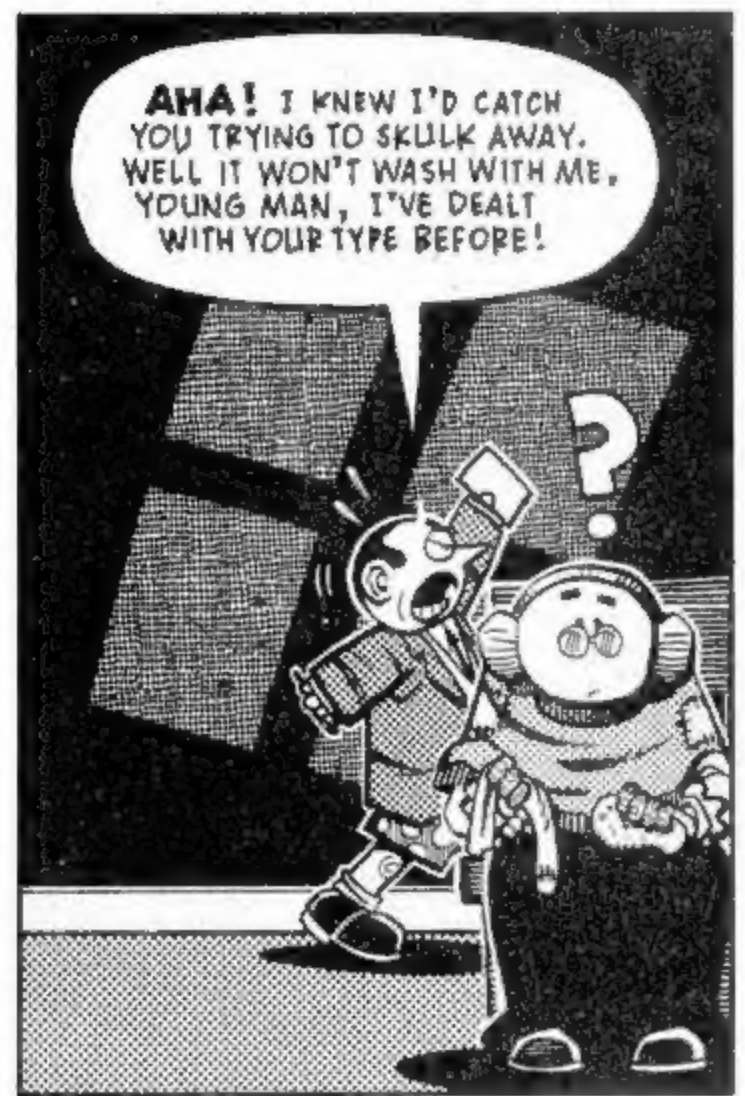
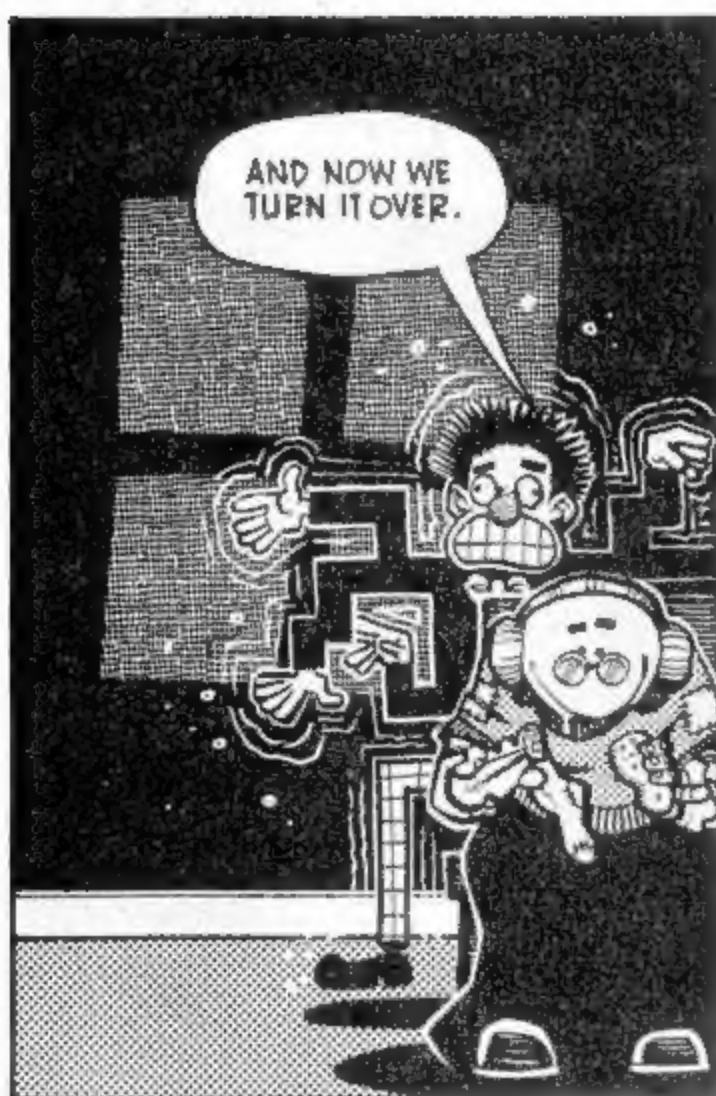
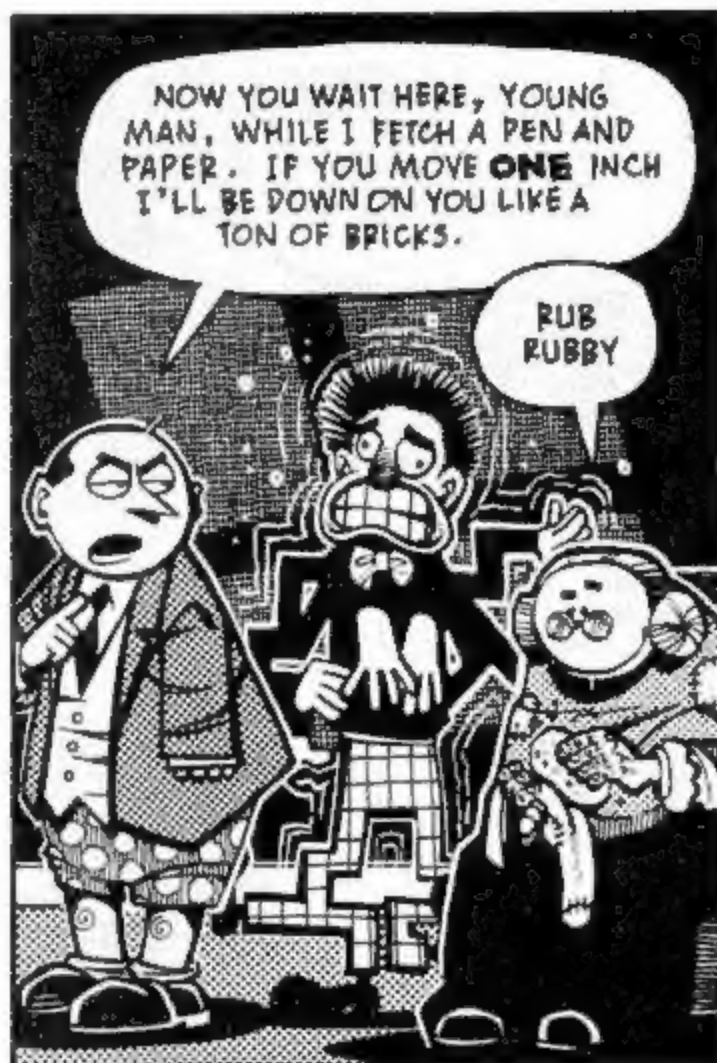
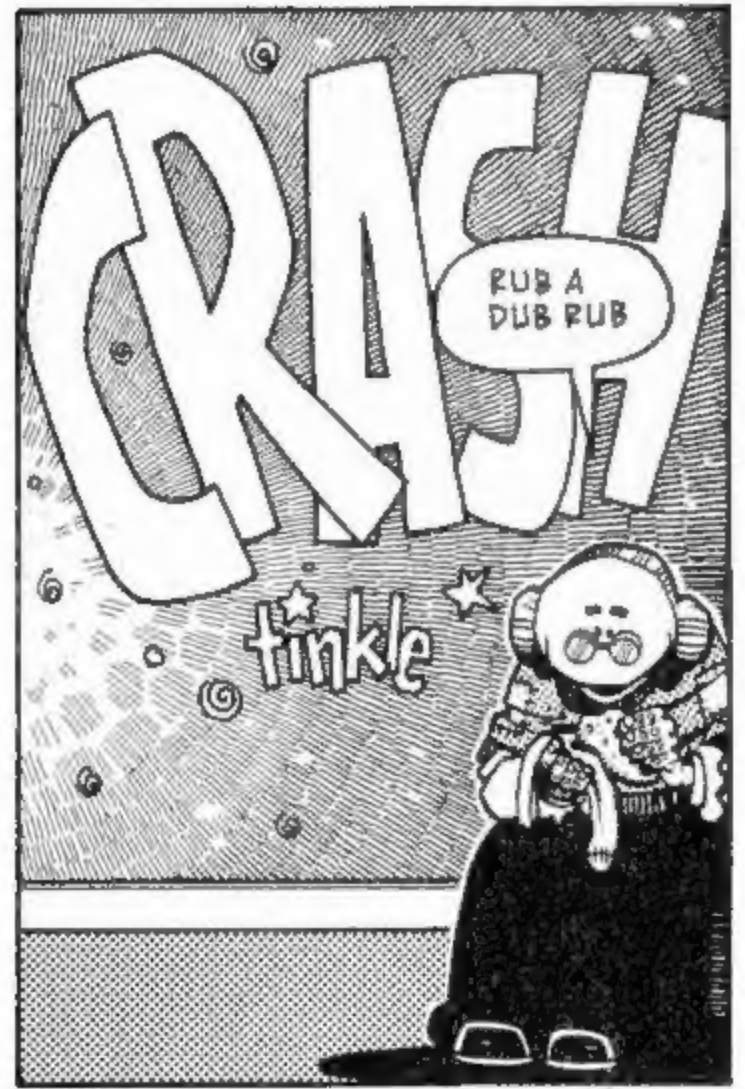
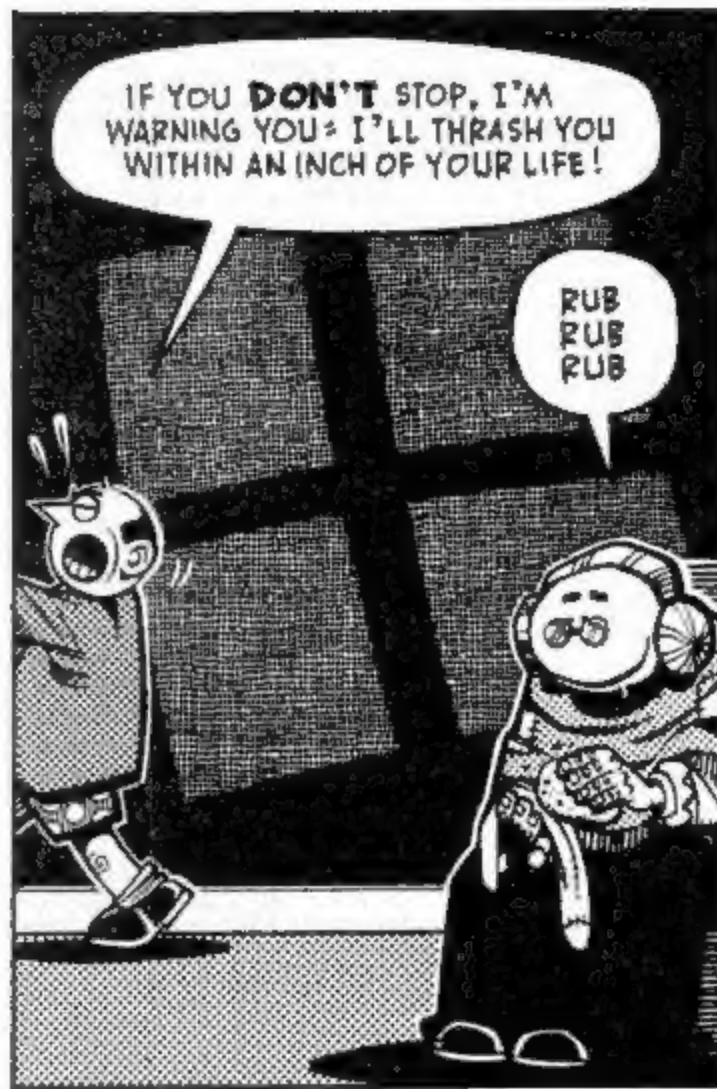


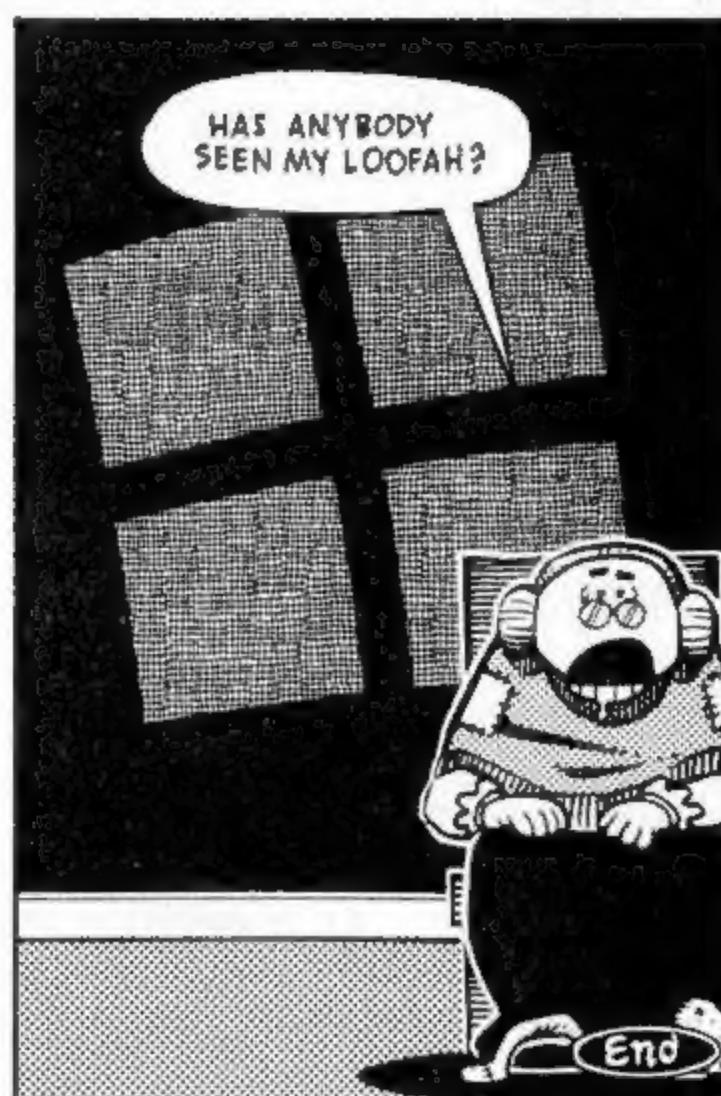
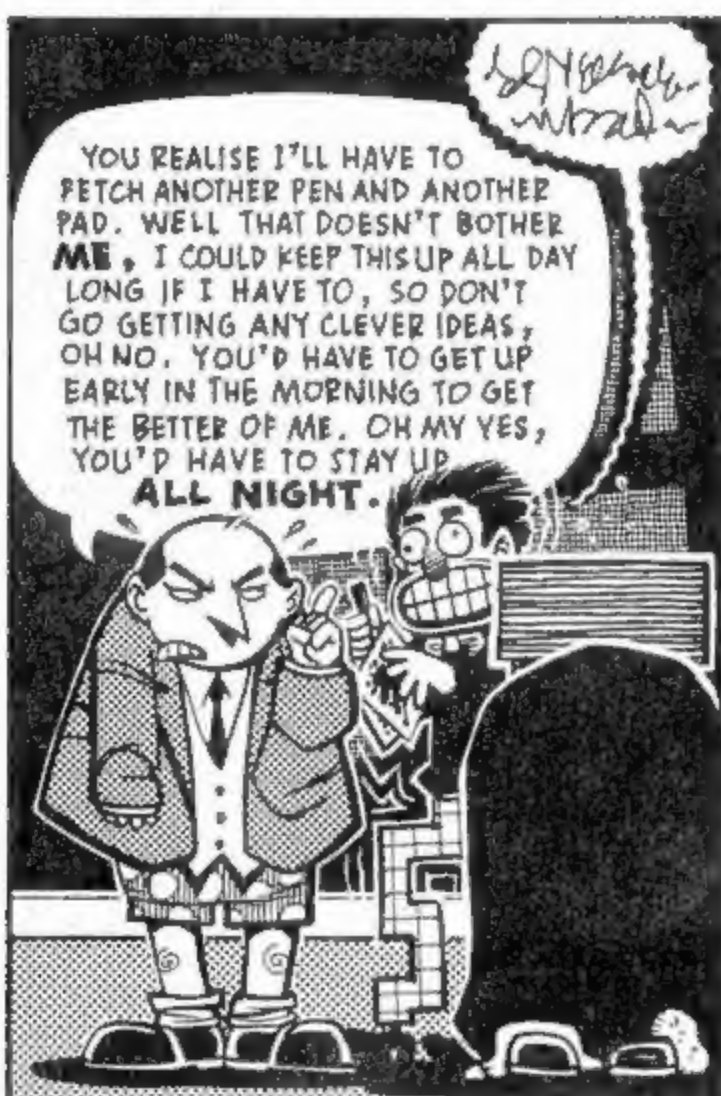
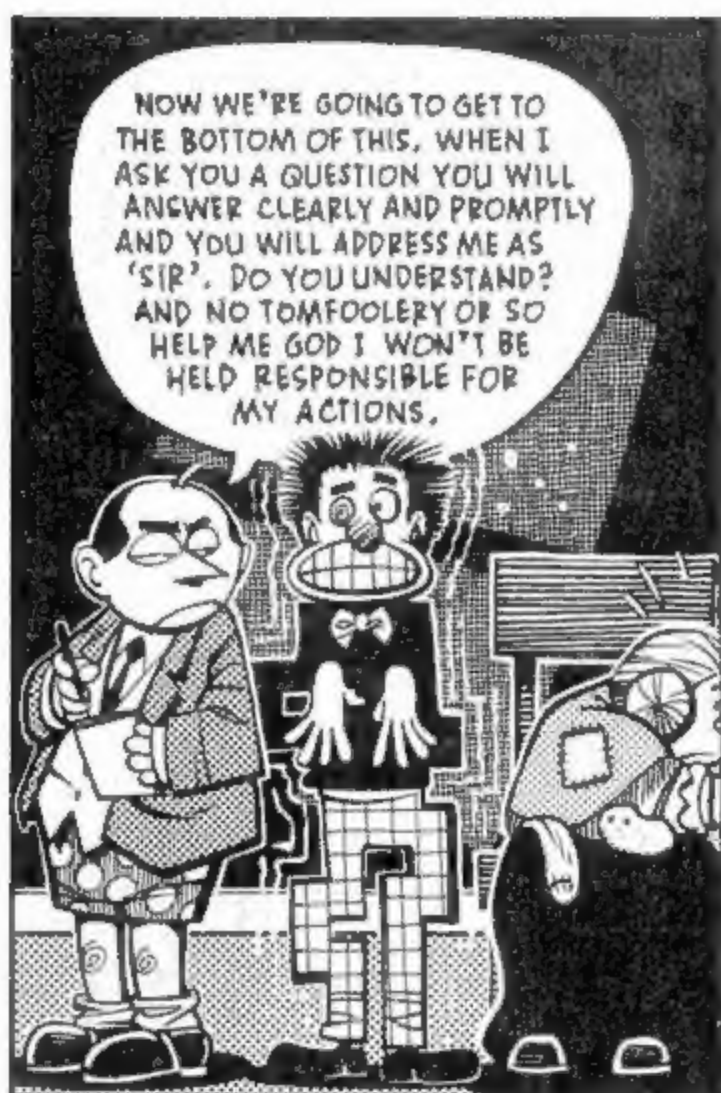
AFTER THAT, I COULDN'T HELP FEELING INDEBTED TO HIM.



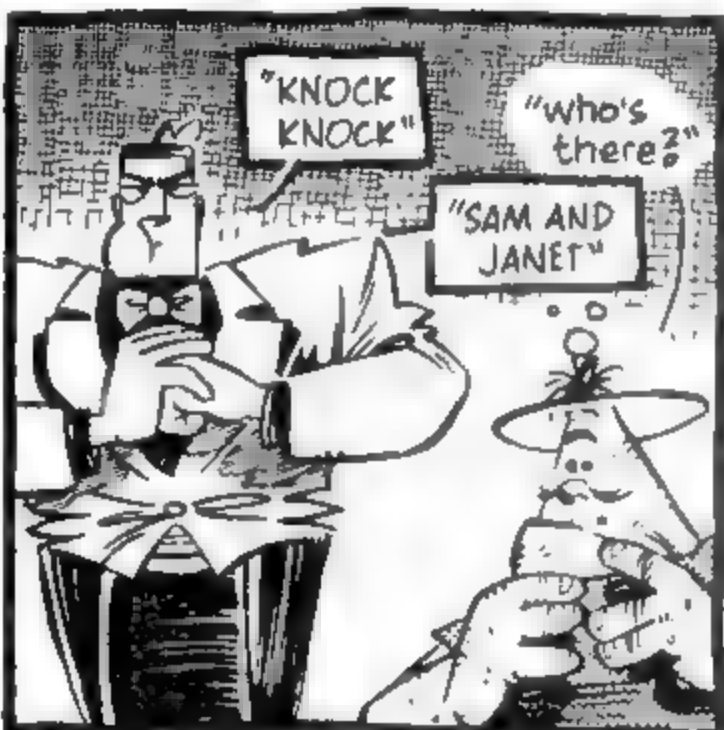
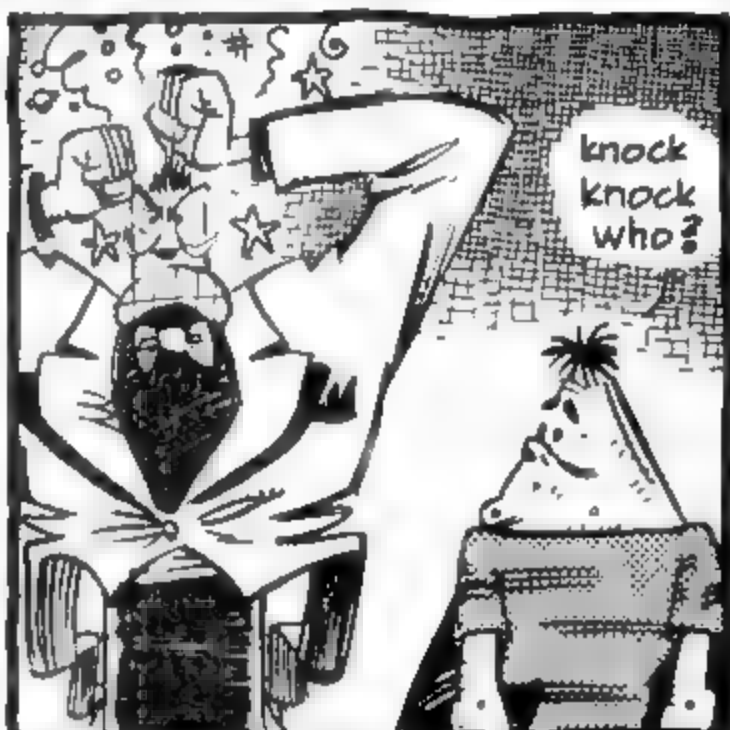
End Of Chapter One







ART and the GUMP in Knock Knock

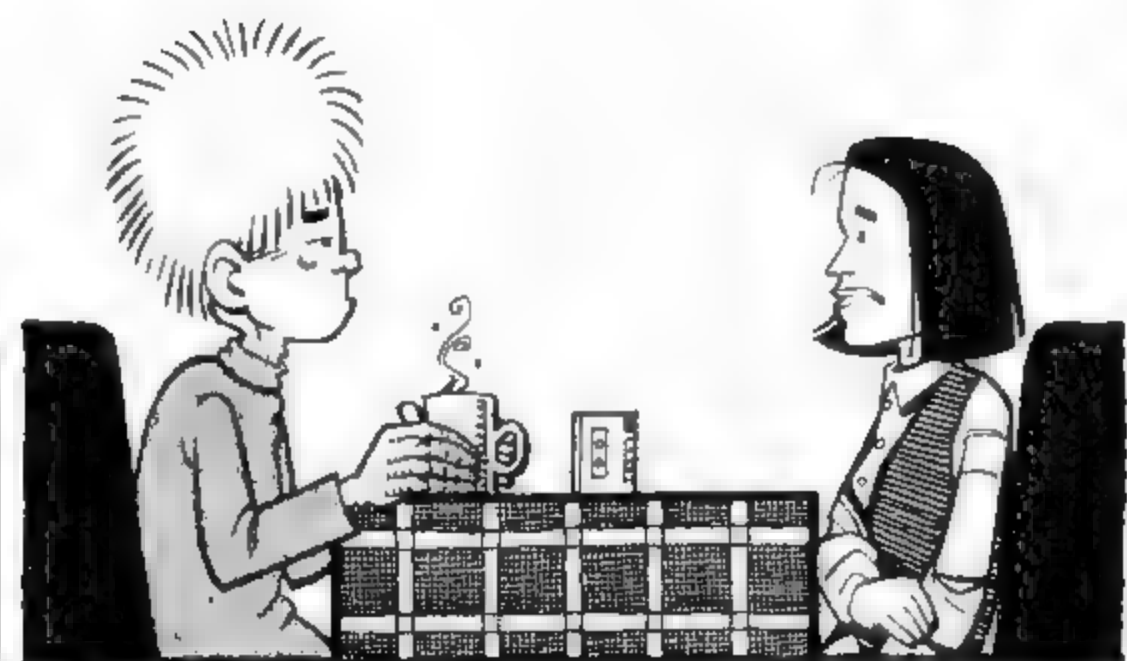
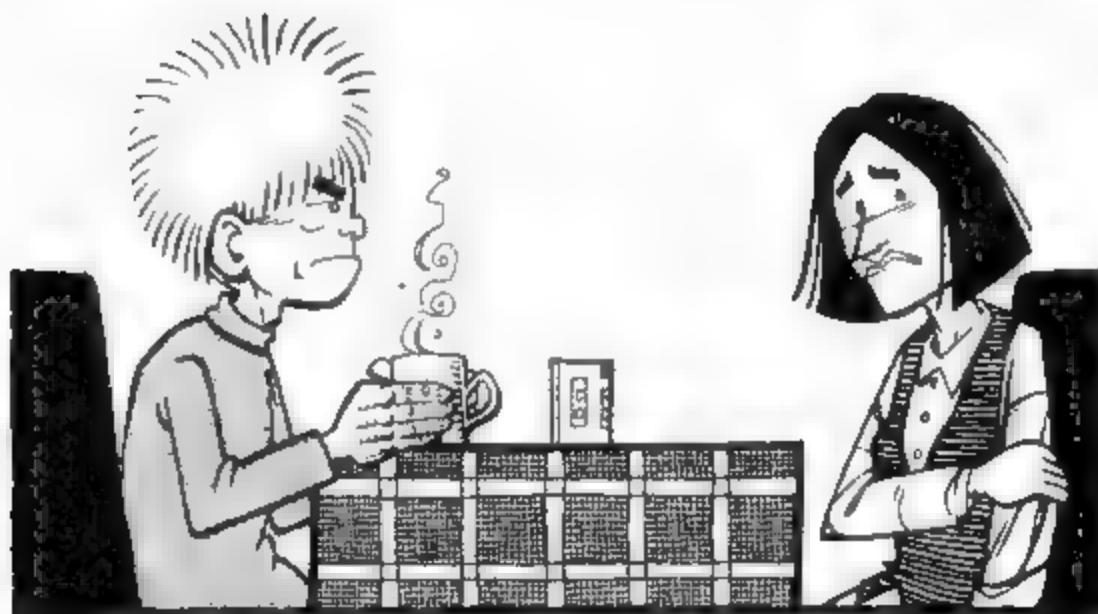
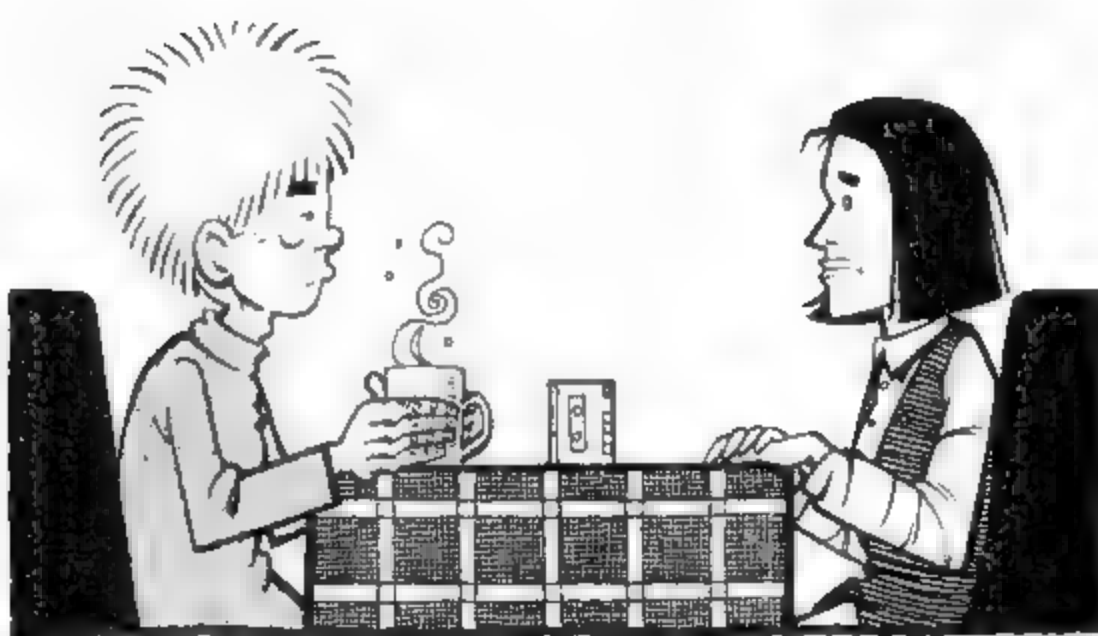


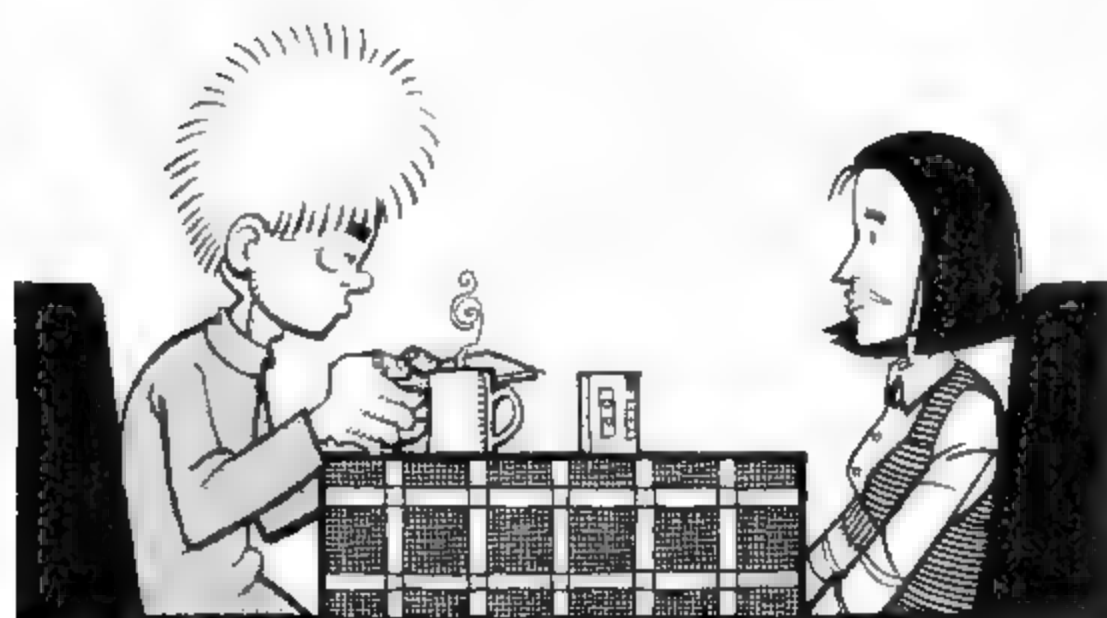
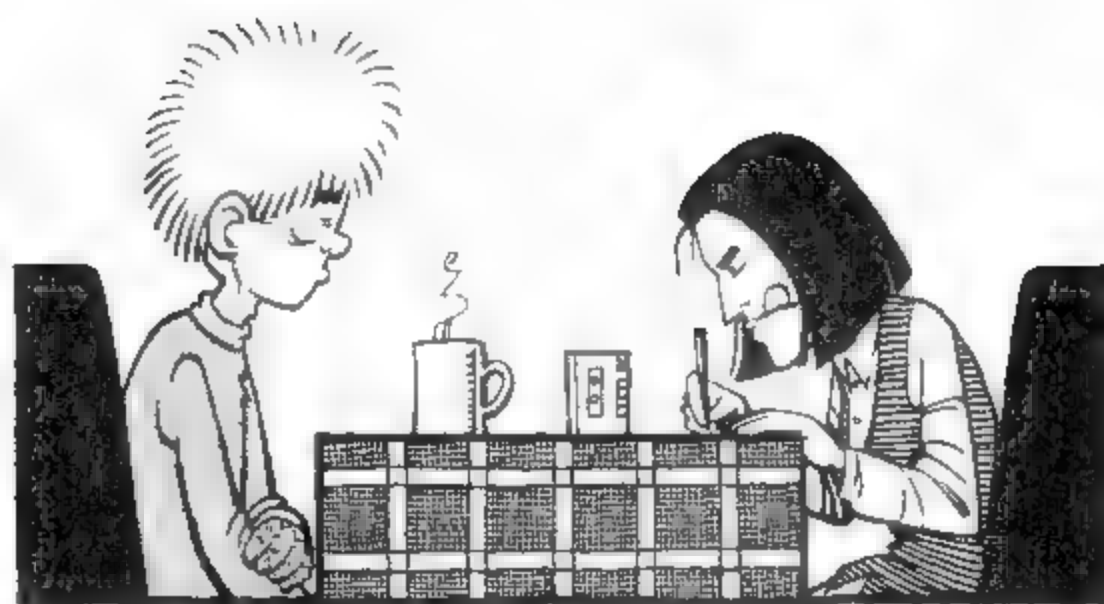
THE REDOUBTABLE TARQUIN

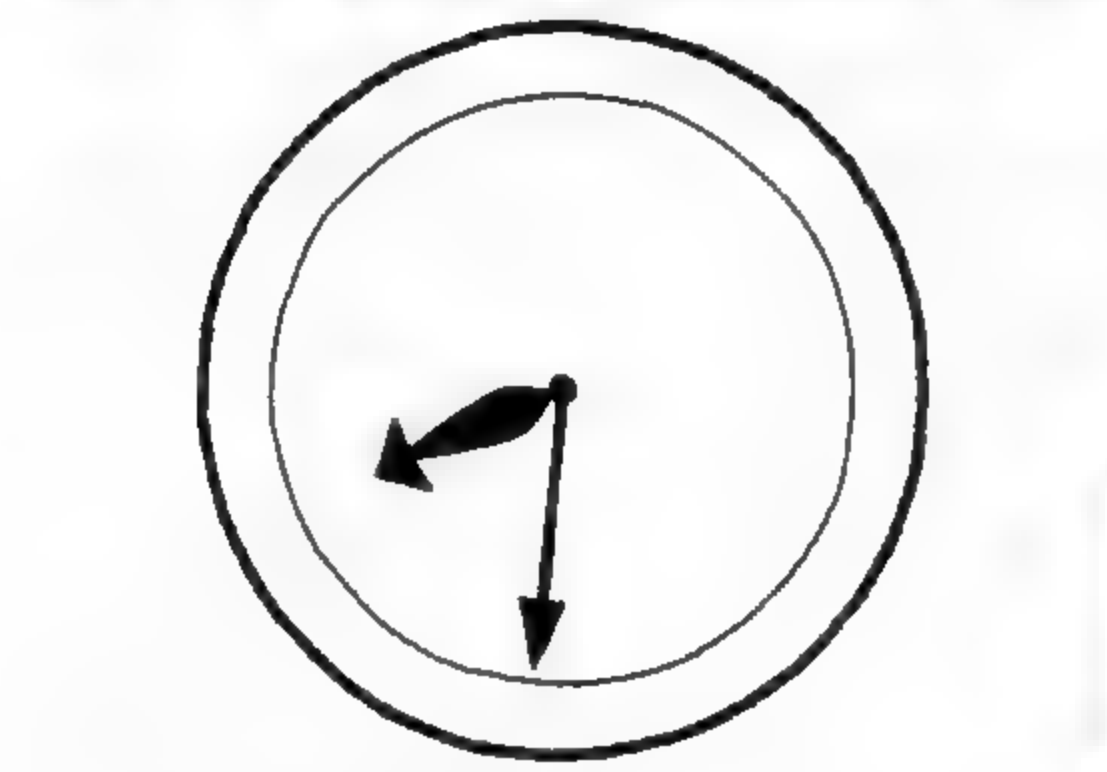
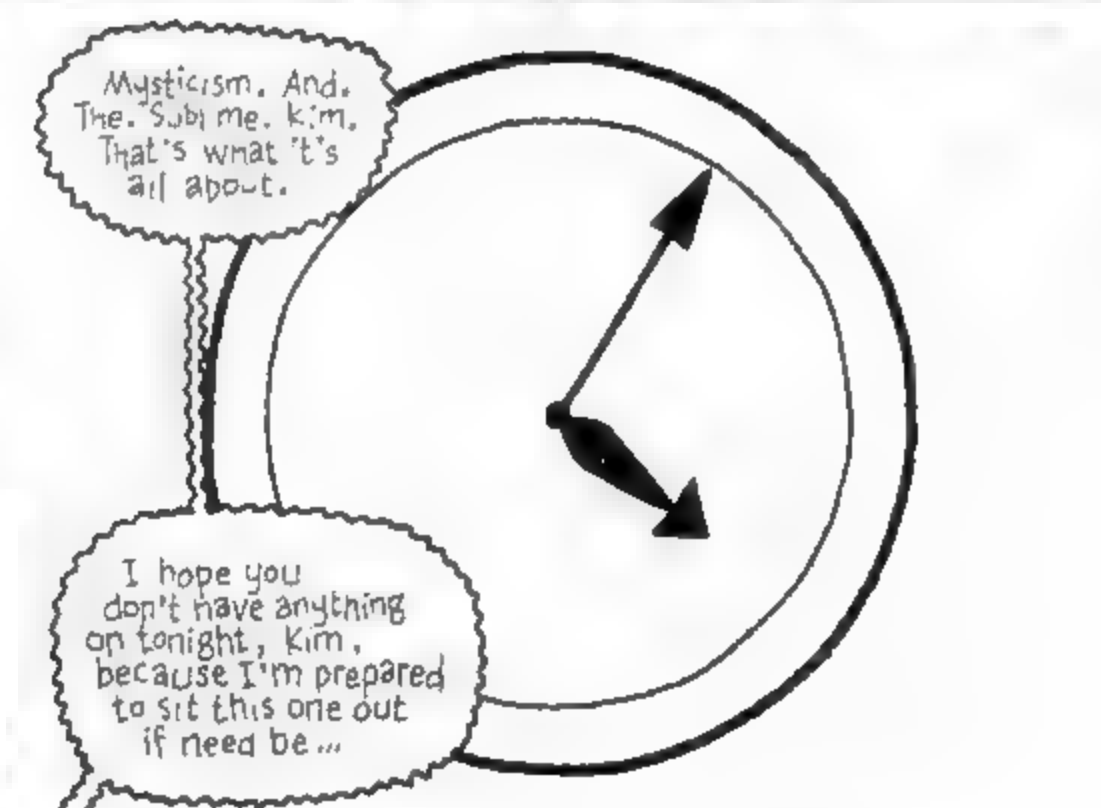
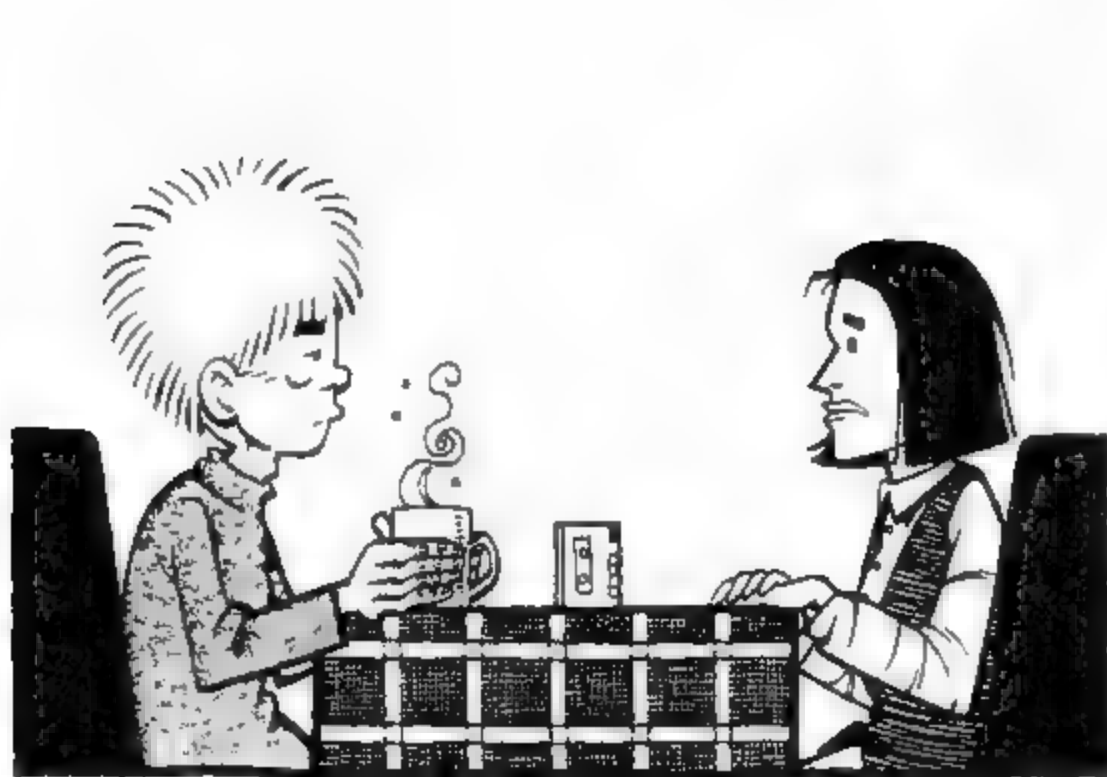
Investigates MYSTICISM and
THE SUBLIME in WOMEN'S ART
IN AOTEAROA

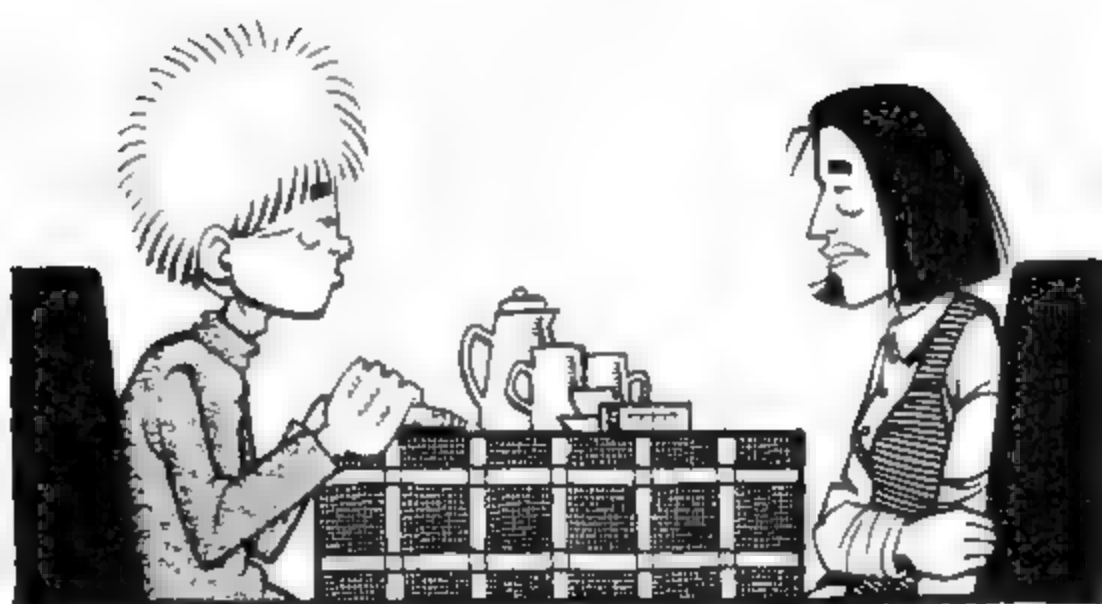


Speak into the tape recorder please Kim. This is important.

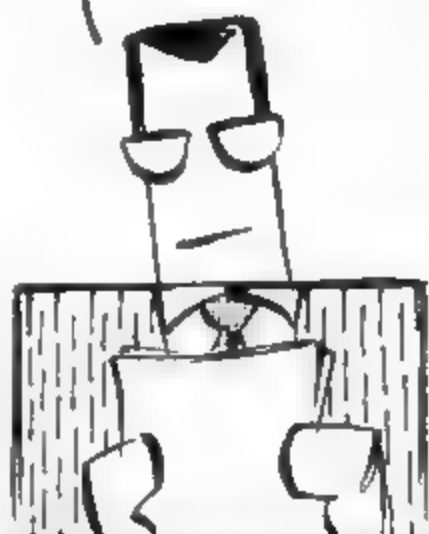








and here is the gnus...



Yak the Ripper
is on
the moose...

Wildebeest
strike
again?



(oh deer!) of course
the last threat of this
magnitude was...



... the
Bison
Strangler

or was it Leopold
and Llama?



and now
the
wether...

tell me, Vicuna,
do you think it's
going to reindeer?



well, we're not
sure, but if
you're going
out
i'd put a
rubber
venison if i
were ewe
ah... ah...



LECHWE!

Gazelledeit.

now later tonight we'll
have a
special
camel of
experts
discussing
the plight
of the dis-
abled



ELK! ELK!
A MOOSE!

oh, giraffe!
i'm sure
the cattle
impala it.



Guanaco!
Antelope!

and
wapiti in
the
dromedary...



kob

chevrotain
muntjac
duiker

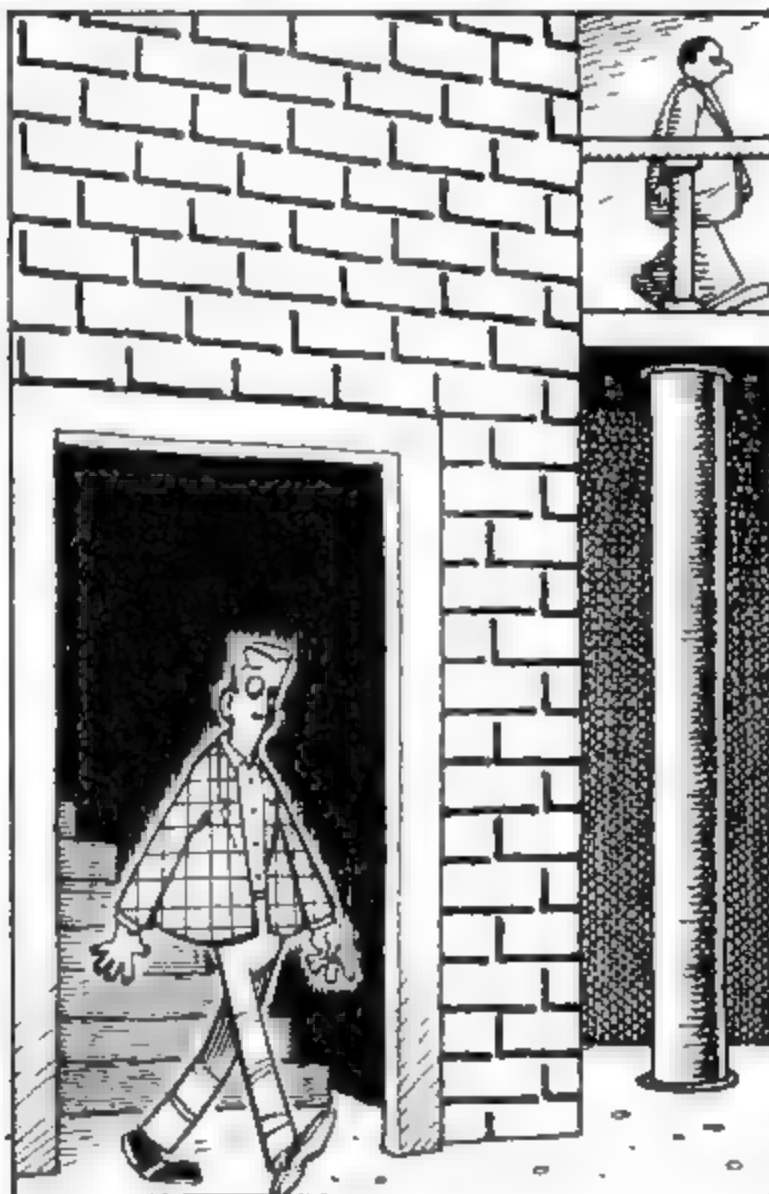
caribou

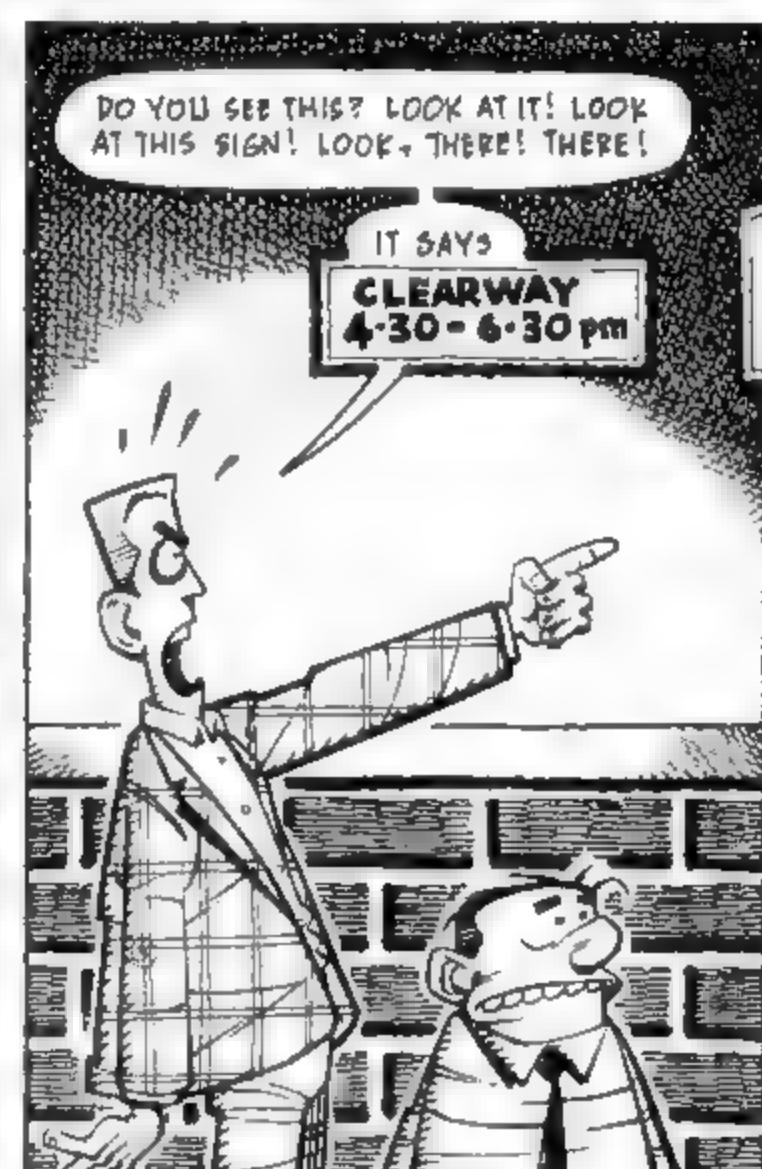
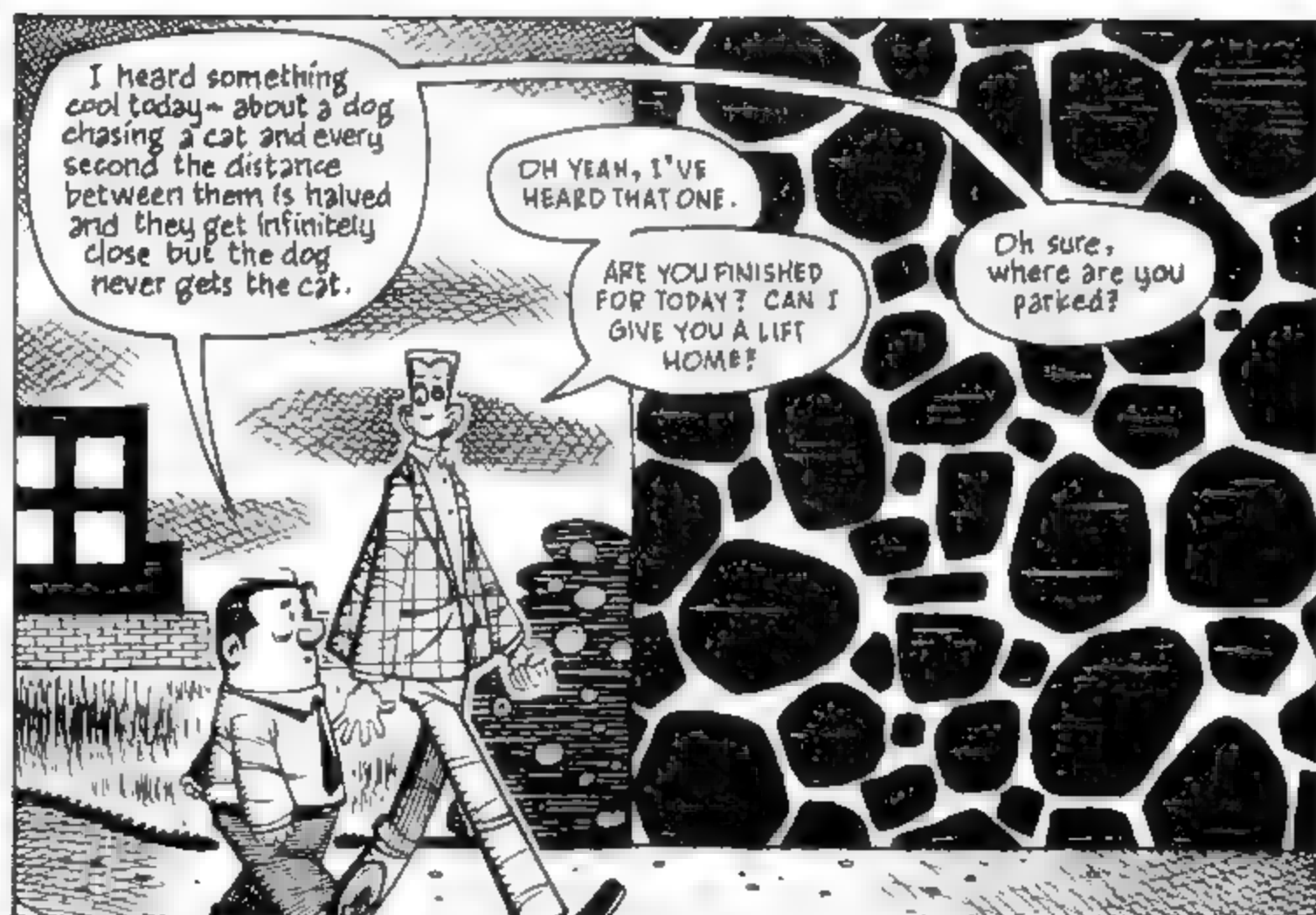
gemsbok okapi

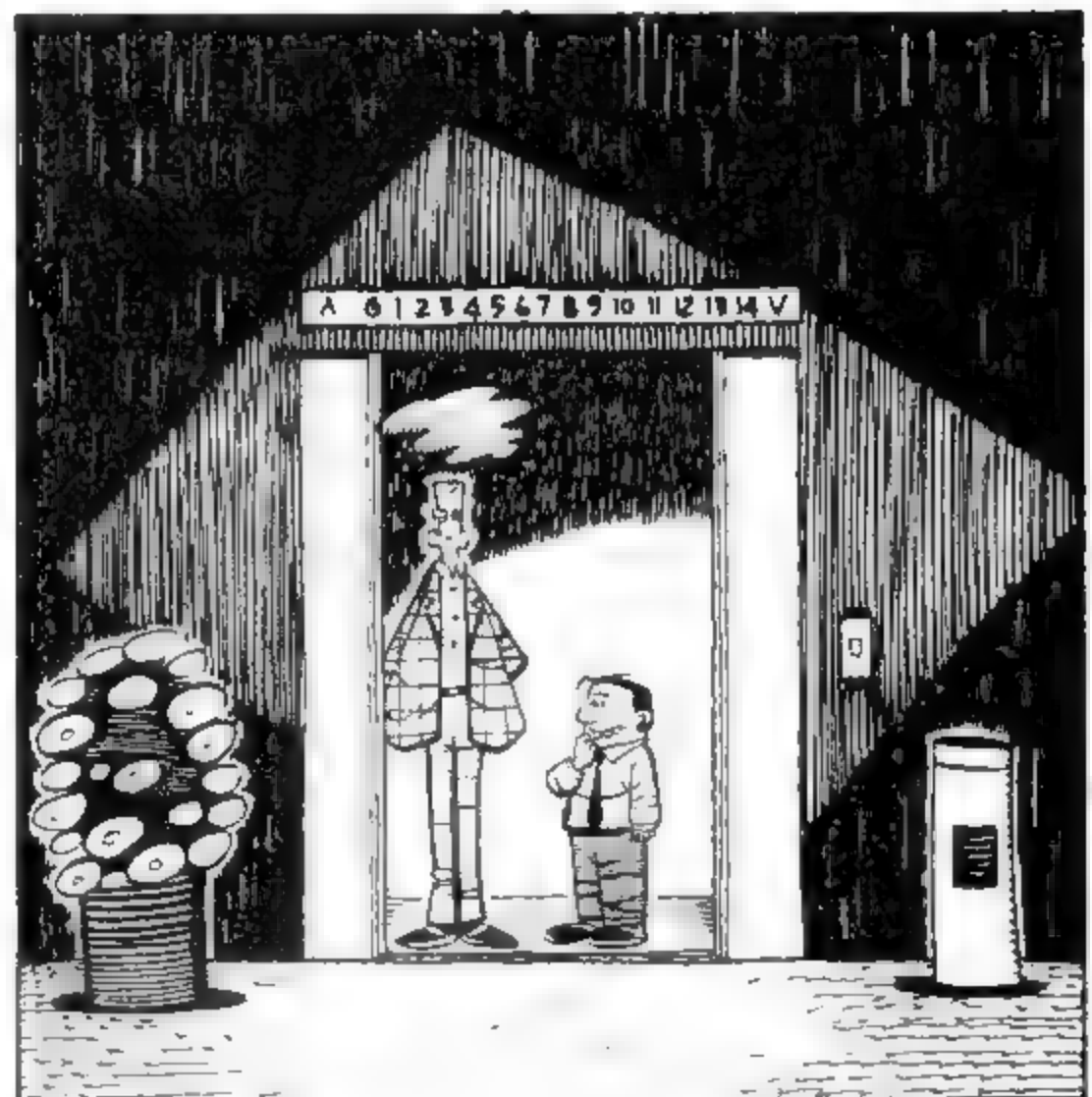
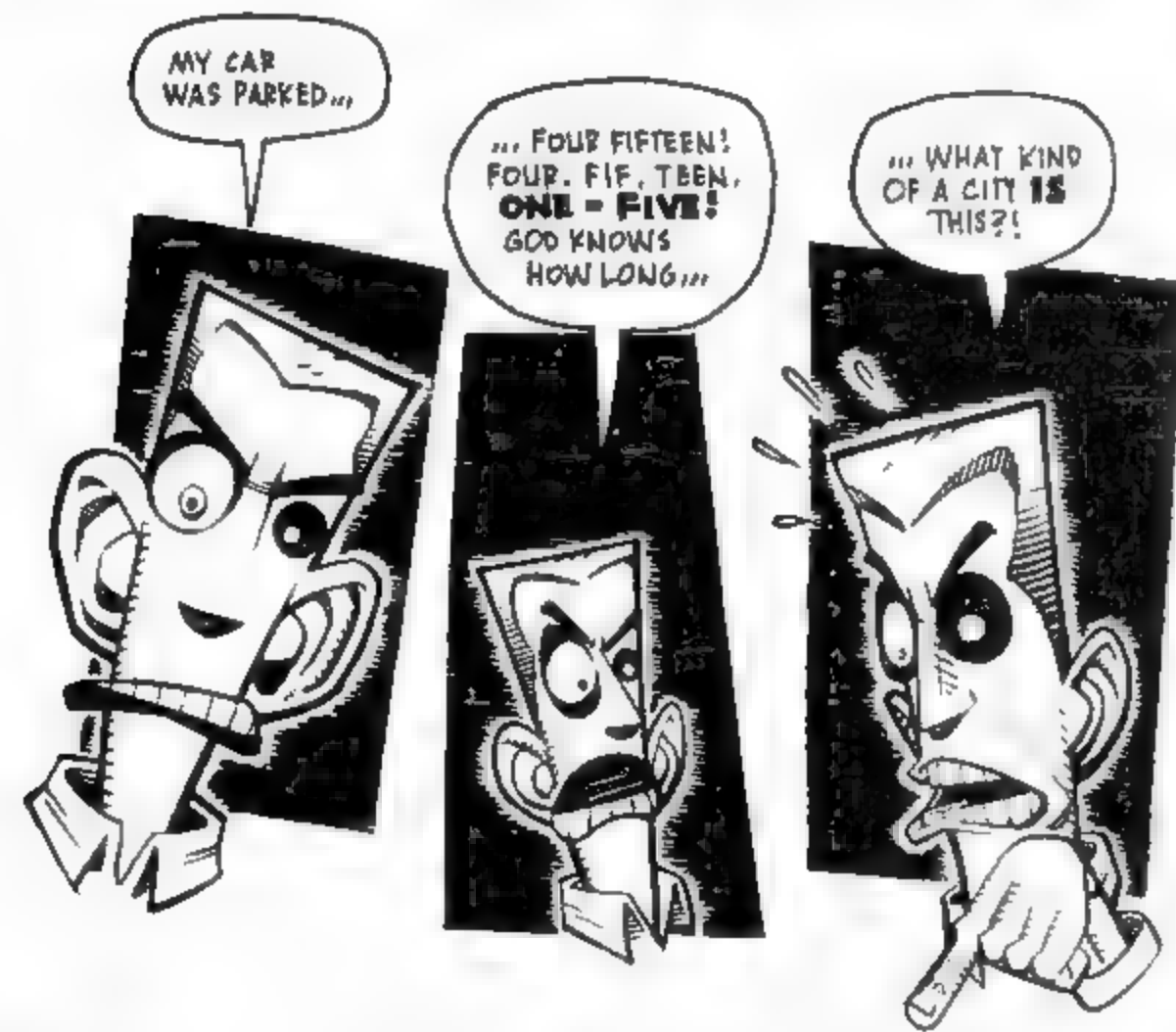
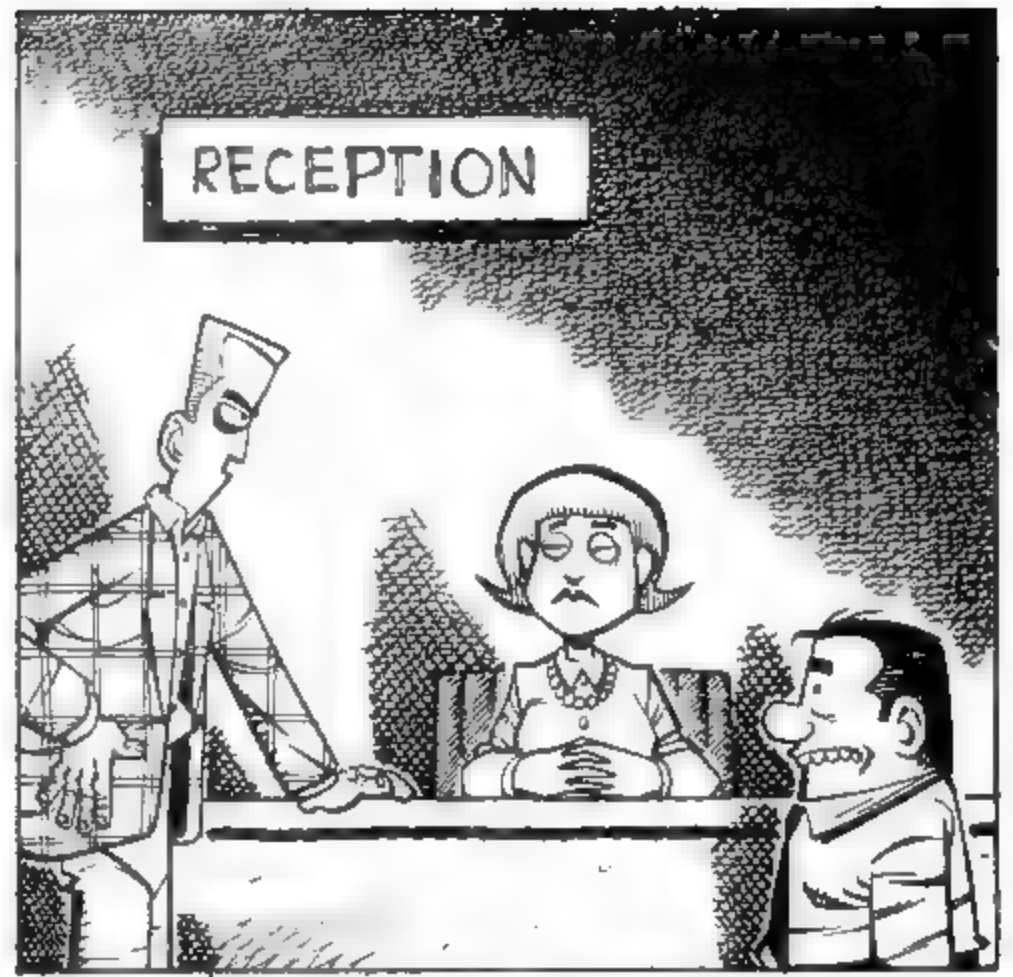


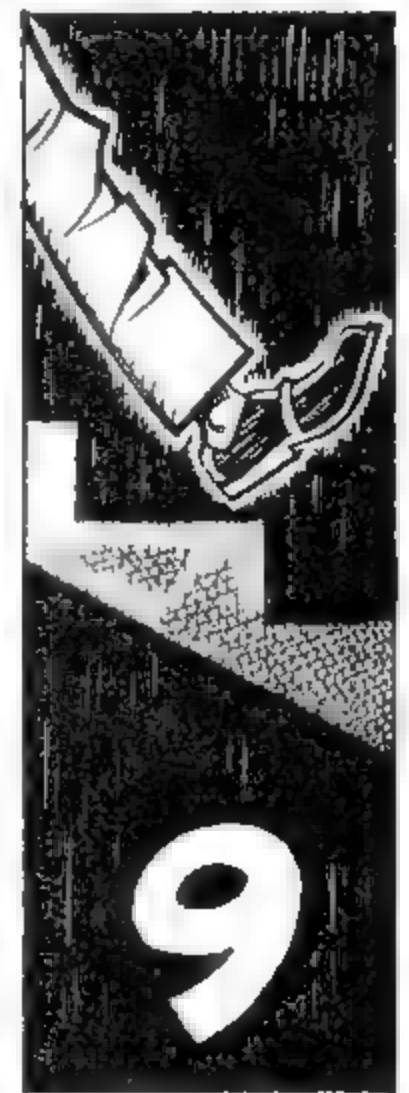
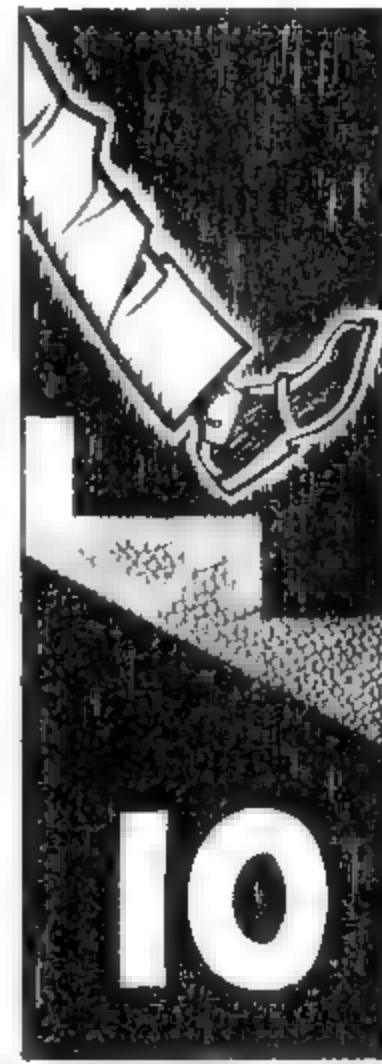
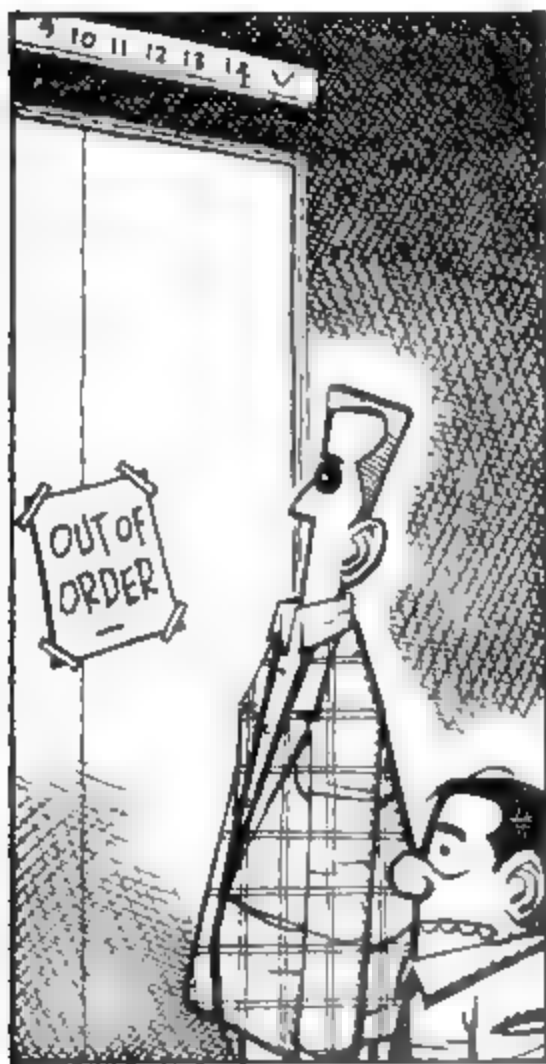
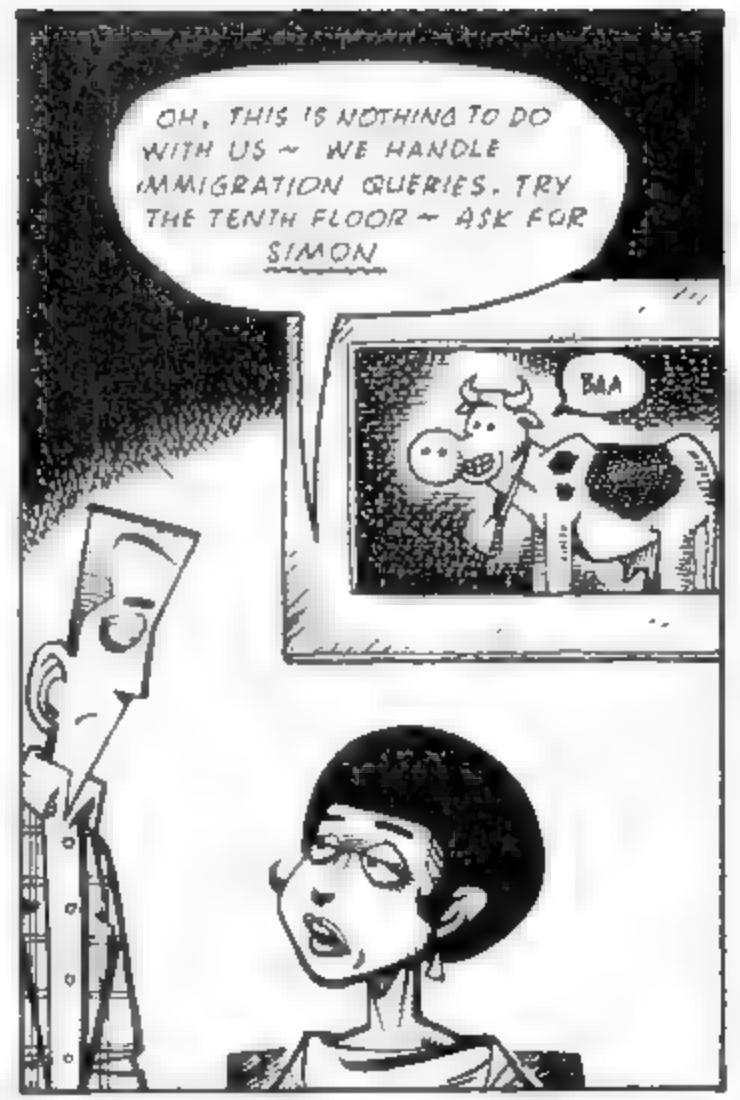
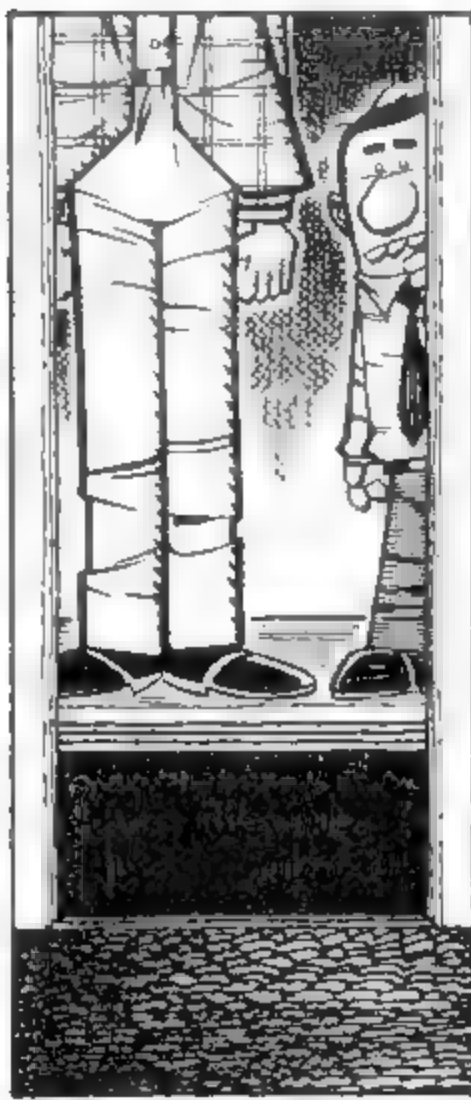
bibble
bibble

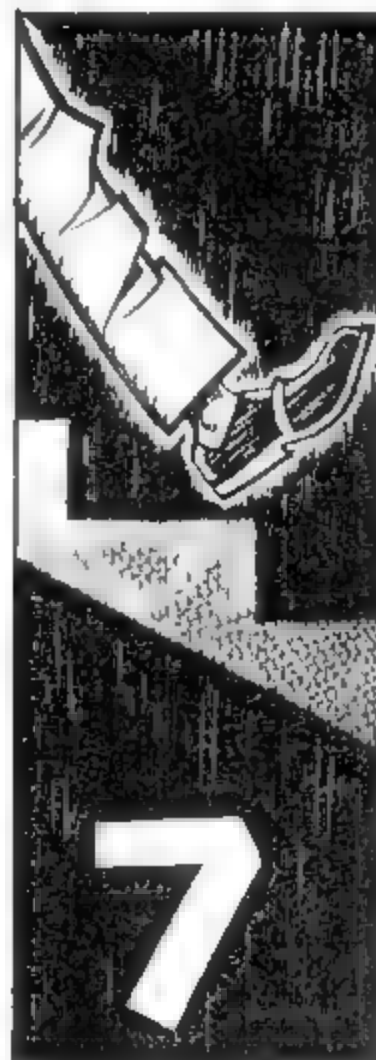
The JOURNEY HALFWAY

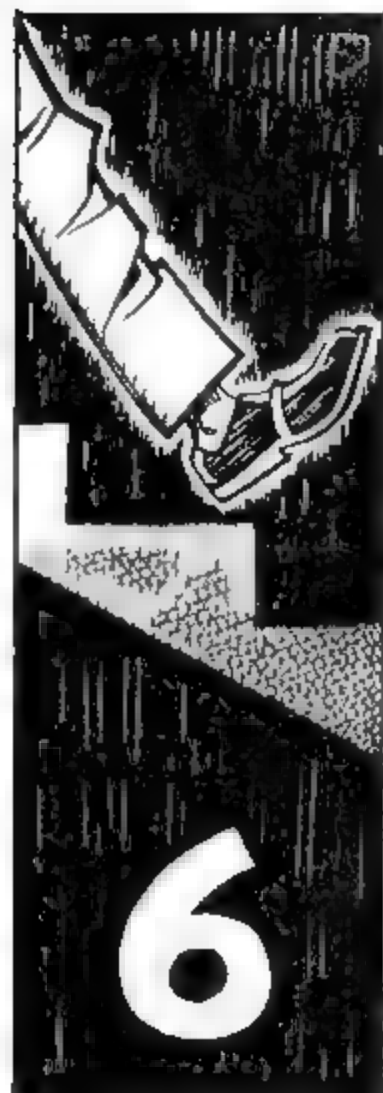












6



COMPLAINTS, IS IT? WELL, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN HELP US, BUT...

COMPLAINTS

I don't know if **ANYONE** can help us...



WELL, YOU CAN'T MAKE A COMPLAINT UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR CAR, NOW CAN YOU?

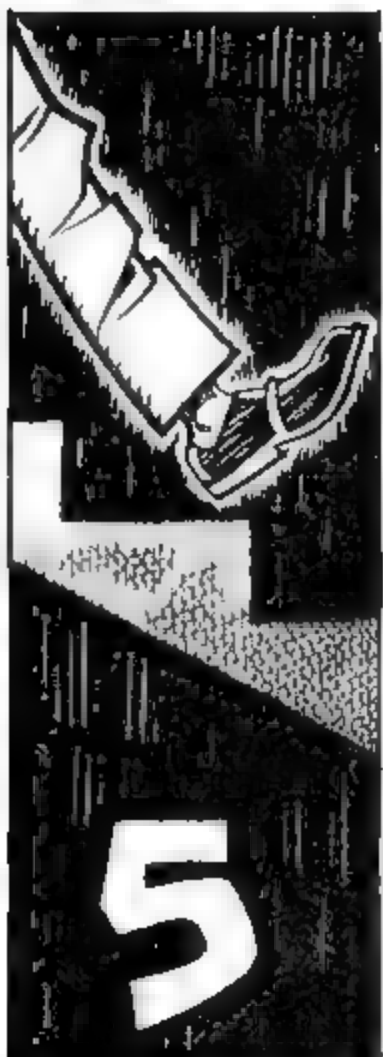
HAVE YOU **TRIED** THE THIRD FLOOR?

WE WERE TOLD THE FIFTH

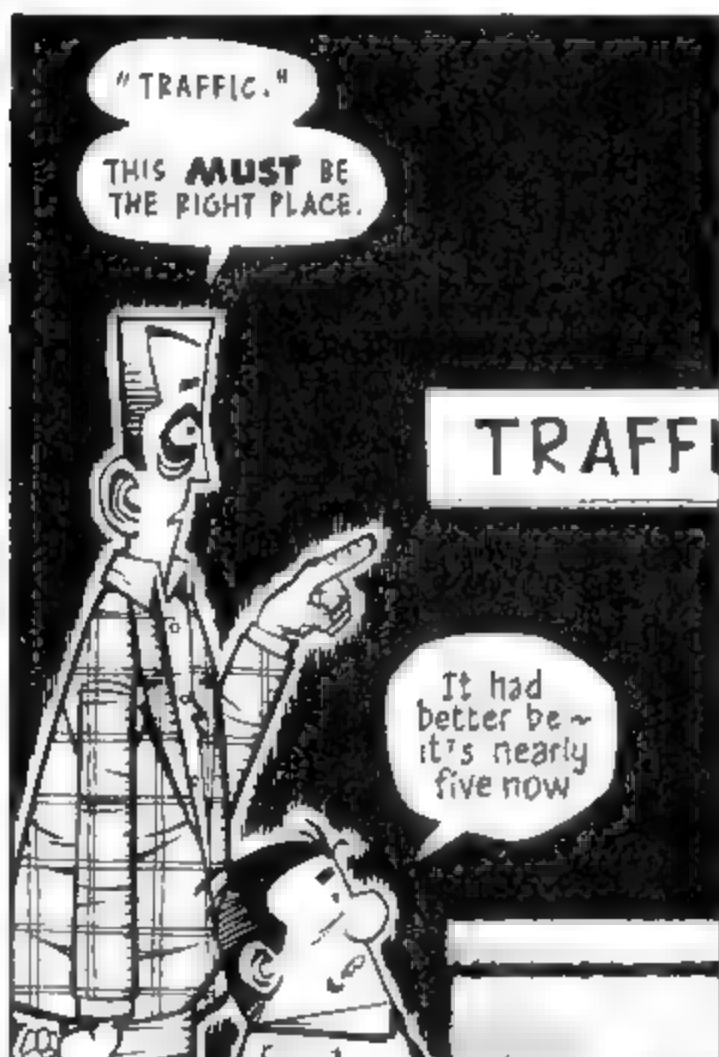


Jesus Christ, some people ...!

AT LEAST FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED FIRST, **THEN** YOU CAN COMPLAIN. IF YOU **HAVE** TO.



5



"TRAFFIC."

THIS **MUST** BE THE RIGHT PLACE.

TRAFFIC

It had better be - it's nearly five now



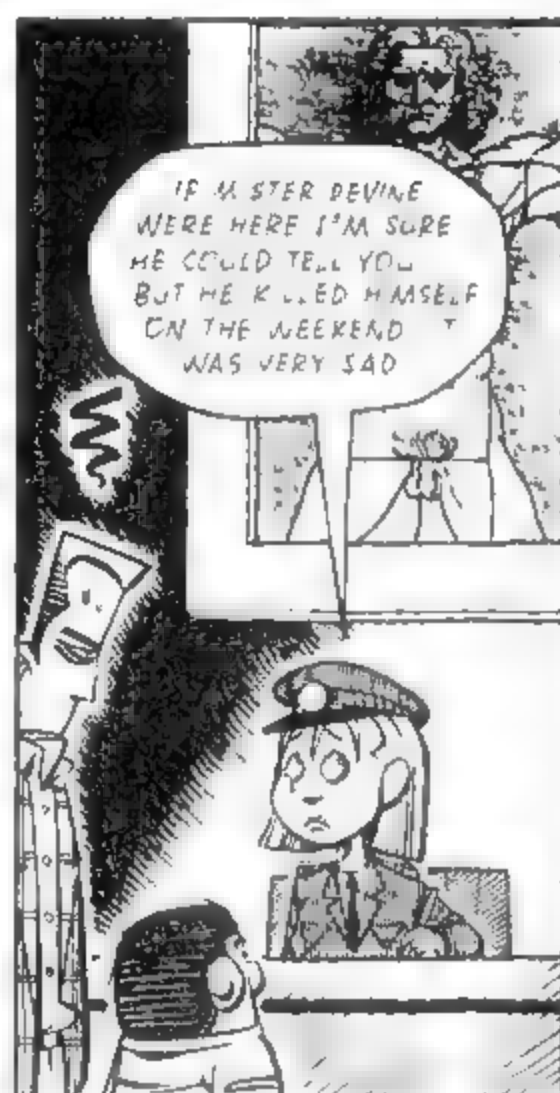
WELL, WE'LL BE PROSECUTING YOU, BUT ENQUIRIES ABOUT IMPOUNDED VEHICLES ARE, UH, DOWNSTAIRS

THE THIRD FLOOR, RIGHT.

NO, I THINK IT'S FOUR, UM... YEAH, FOUR, I'M SURE. IS THAT THE ONE WITH THE PLAID WALLPAPER?



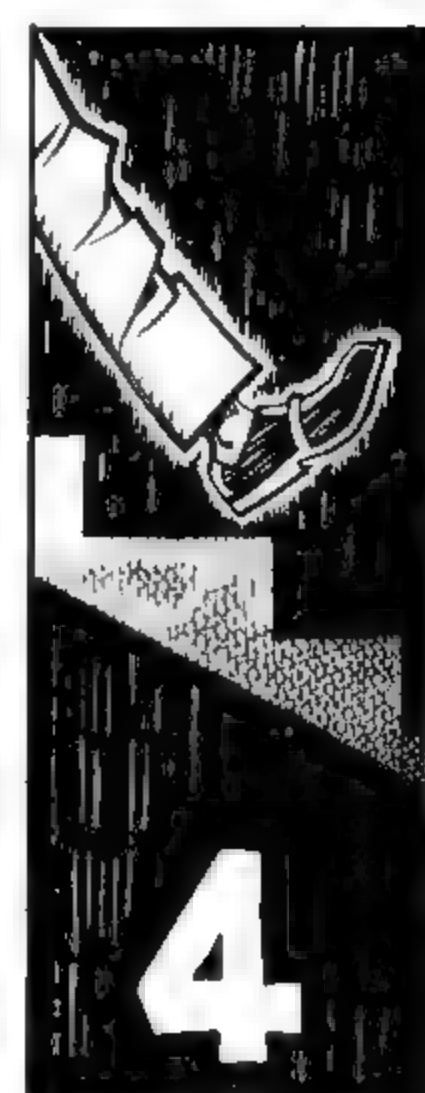
HOW THE FUCK WOULD I KNOW WHAT FUCKING WALLPAPER THEY HAVE?!! I'VE SEEN JUST ABOUT EVERY SQUARE FUCKING INCH OF THIS FUCKING BUILDING BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T **QUITE** MADE IT TO THE FOURTH FUCKING FLOOR AS YET! I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW!!!



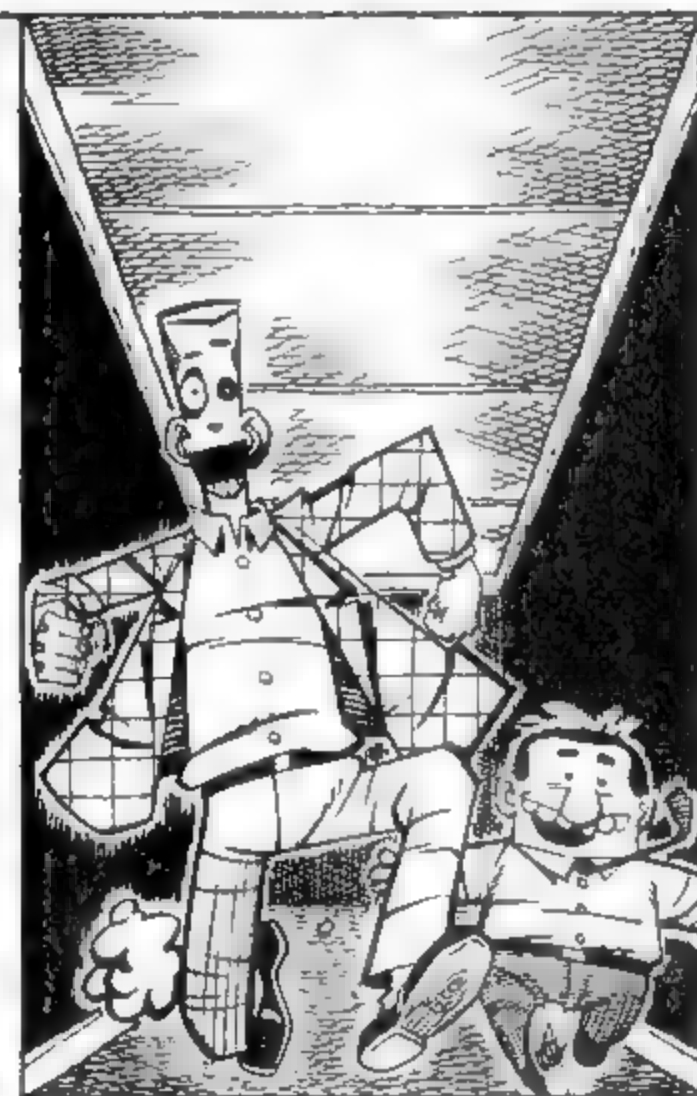
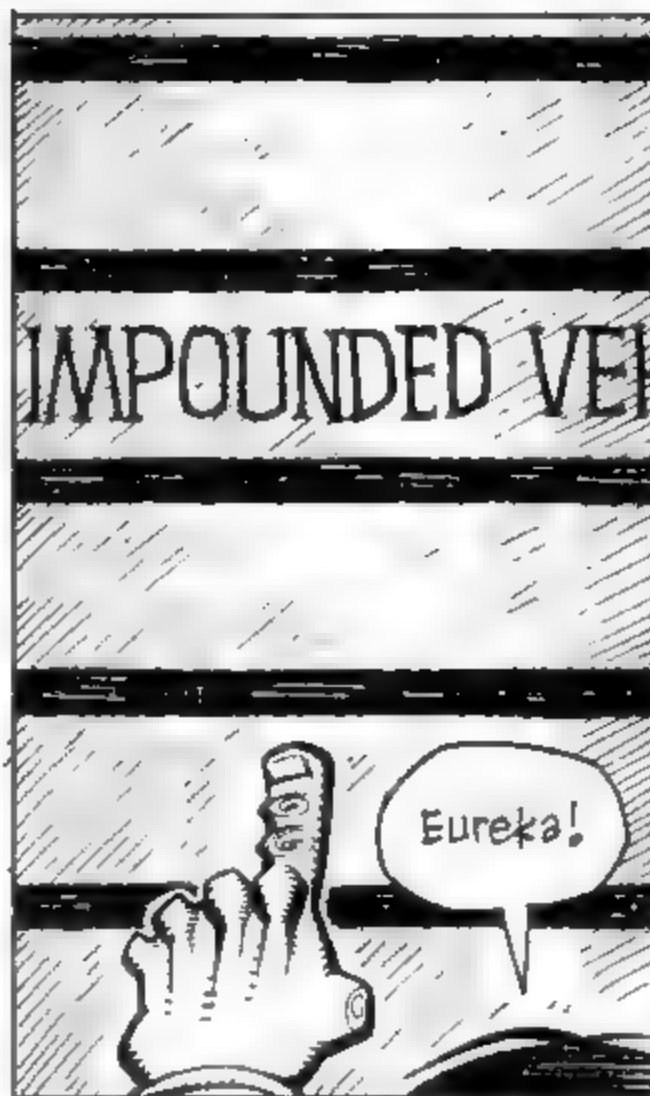
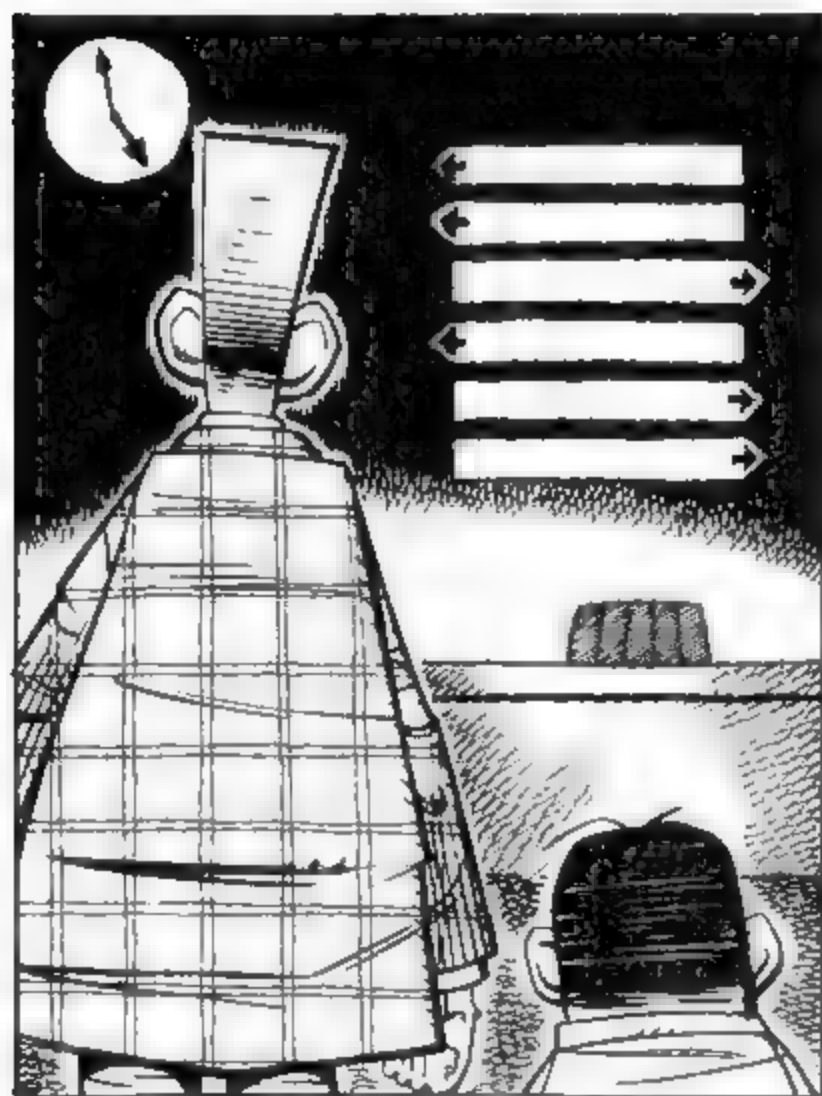
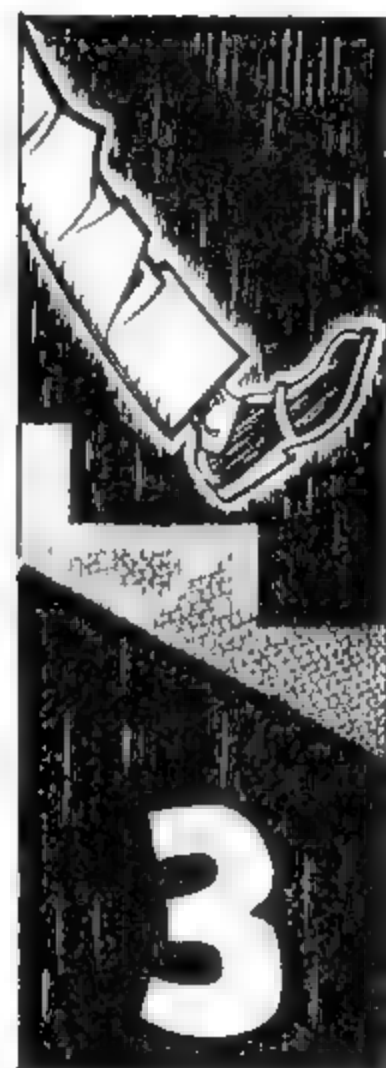
IF M. STER DEVINE WERE HERE I'M SURE HE COULD TELL YOU BUT HE KILLED HIMSELF ON THE WEEKEND - WAS VERY SAD

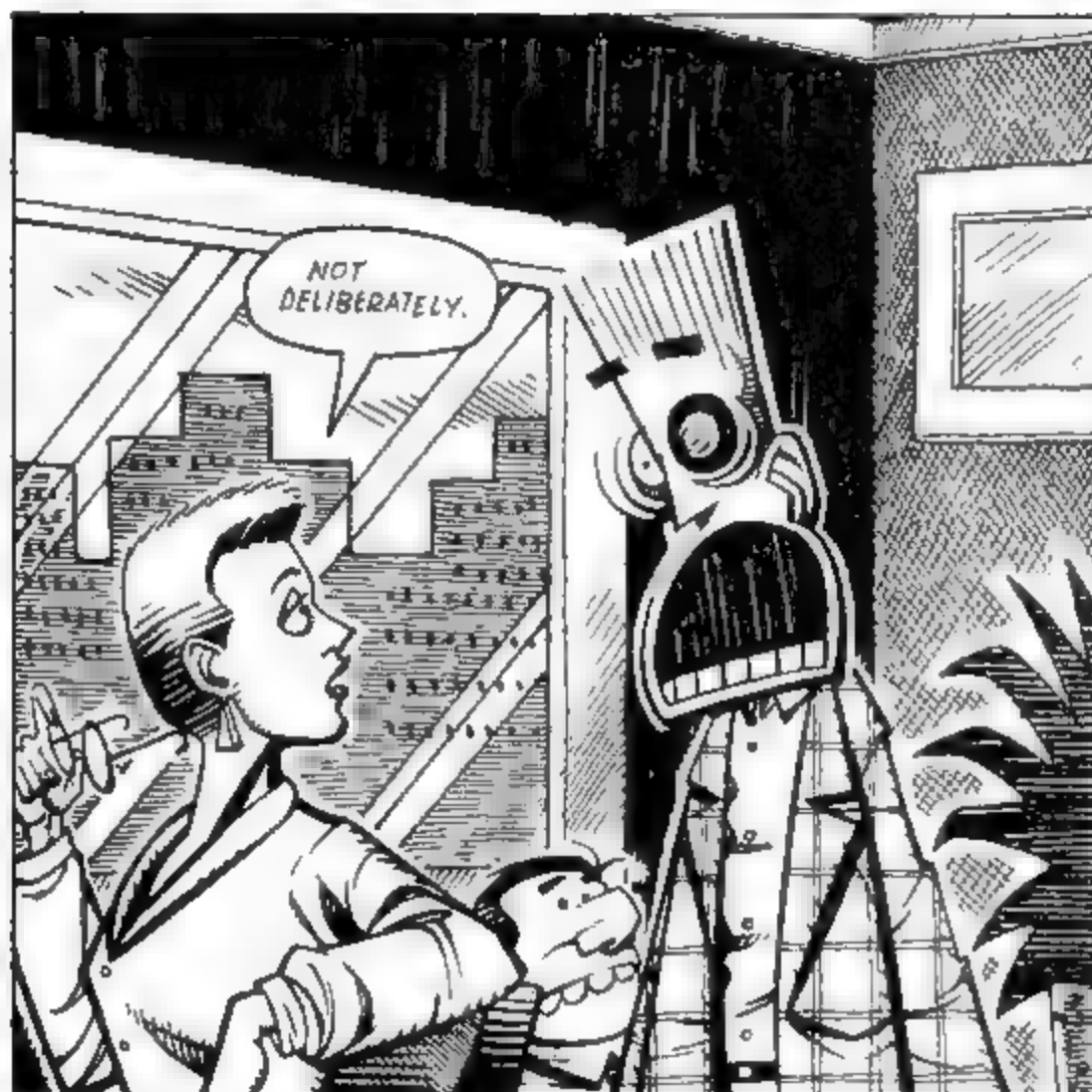
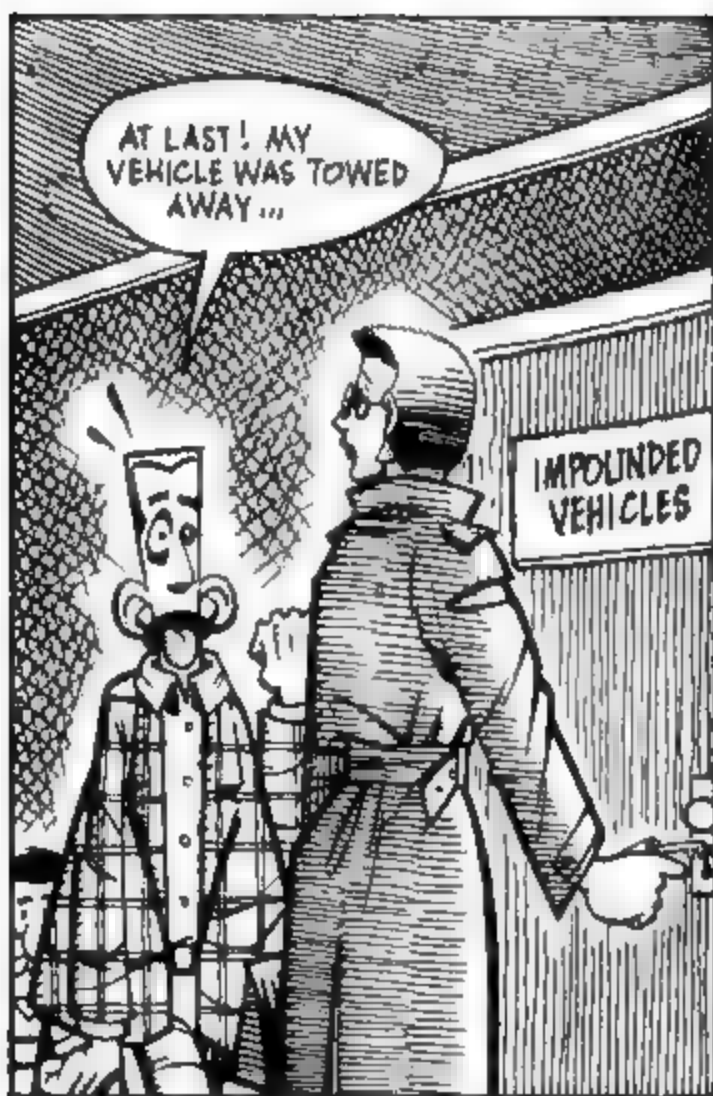


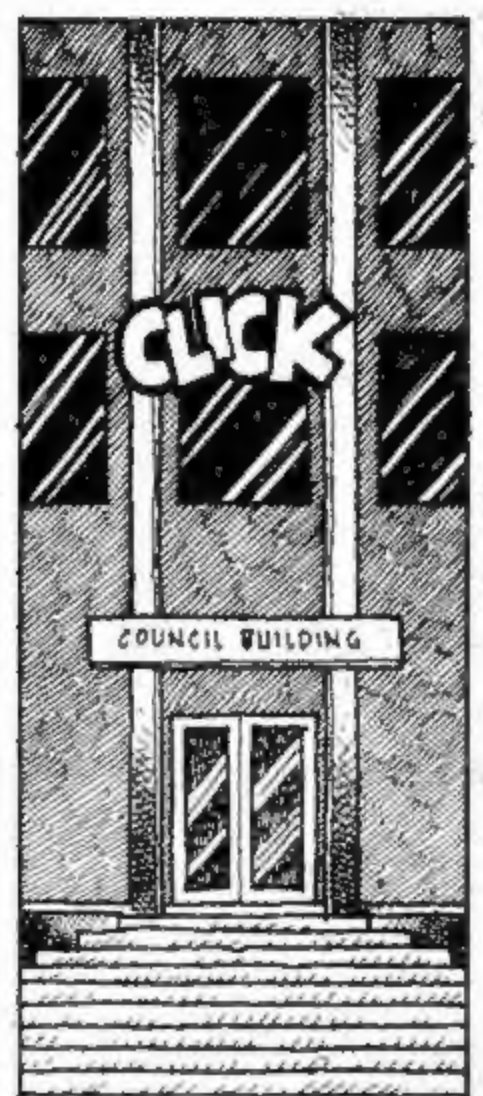
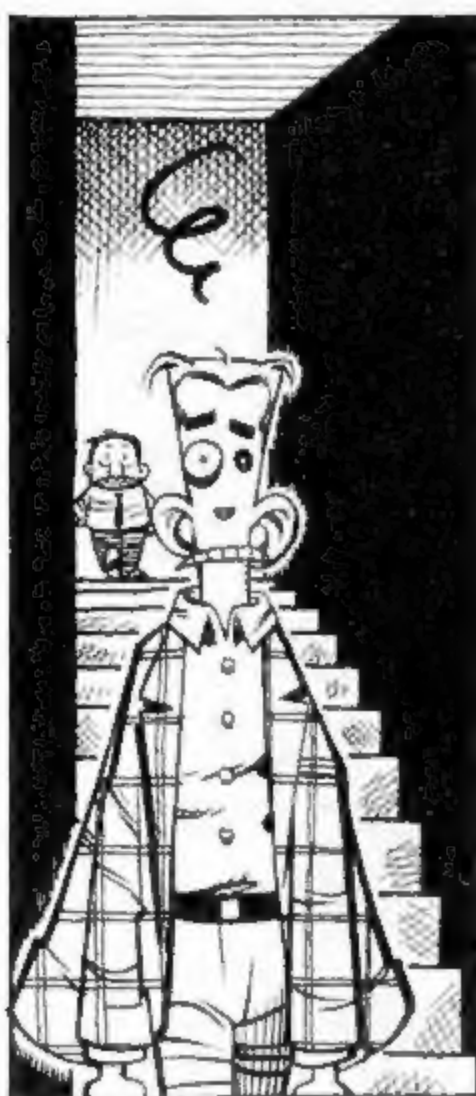
HAVE A HAPPY EASTER!



4







#1 The issue that started it all! The teeth-gnashing "Crazy Bitches," and "Female Problems." The revealing "Bitchy Bitch Goes to Fantagraphics" and, of course, Toadman's debut in the hilarious (and notorious) "Bitchy Bitch Gets Laid."

#2 "Bitchy Bitch Goes to Hell" shows the Bitchy One up against the Catholic Church. (And, of course, it's THAT time of the month!) "Penetrating the Smut Glut" gives a wicked woman's-eye-view of the sex-comic trend with some merciless jabs at Eros comics.

#3 Meet "Comix Bitch" and re-live schoolyard hell in the first blast from Bitchy's past, "Bitchy Bitch Goes to School." Plus a six-page back-up, "Queer," and a guest page by the fabulous Donna Barr!

#4 "Unhappy Holidays" is a 19-page epic that's both hilarious and touching, revealing much of Bitchy's life, as an adult and child, against the backdrop of Christmas. Plus "How to Marry into Money" by Theresa Henry.

#5 The special "Men" issue features "Toadman Returns," plus one-pagers by guest guys Dennis Eichhorn, Pat Moriarty, and Colin Upton.

#6 "Hippie Bitch Gets Laid" features 16 pages of Adolescent Angst set in the psychedelic era! Plus, doggies "do it" in the hilarious back-up, "Bitchy Bitch-in-Heat."

GOSH DARN, I'M SO DELIGHTED!
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 for "Humor"... WhooPEE!



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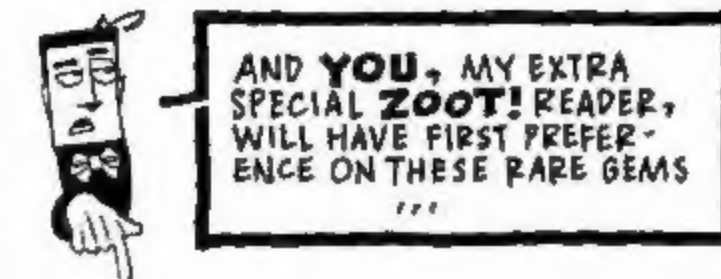
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BLACKMAIL I



The following back issues of comics featuring artwork by Roger Langridge and/or Andrew Langridge and stories by Andrew and/or Roger Langridge and/or Cornelius Stone are available from Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115: *Art D'Ecco* #1-4 (magazine format, \$2.95 each); *Knuckles the Malevolent Nun* #1-2 (comics format, \$2.25 each); and *Leather Underwear* #1 (featuring Knuckles the Malevolent Nun) (magazine format, \$2.50). Please enclose an additional \$2.00 to cover postage on all orders (\$3.00 outside of the U.S.). You may also subscribe to the next four issues of *Zoot!* for \$10.00 (\$11.00 outside the U.S.). Please allow six to eight weeks for your back issues to arrive; subscriptions will be filled as issues are finished and published, namely on a quarterly schedule.



The TEA PARTY

YOKO ONO · inspiration
ANDREW LANGRIDGE
ROGER LANGRIDGE
execution

